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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Mary Pickford

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto on April 8, 1893, and at the age of five went on the stage in children's rôles. She became a member of a stock company in Toronto and later went on the road with Chauncey Olcott's productions and then with David Belasco's production, "The Warrens of Virginia." After this she became a motion picture star, appearing for the Biograph and Universal companies, whence she went into the title rôle of Belasco's success, "A Good Little Devil." She then joined the Famous Players Film Company after being a Belasco star at the age of twenty. In the film world she has won praise for her portrayals in "Caprice"; "In a Bishop's Carriage"; "Heart's Adrift"; "Tess of the Storm Country"; "The Eagle's Mate"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Such a Little Queen," and her present release "Cinderella." Miss Pickford is undoubtedly the most popular motion picture actress of the world to-day. Her grace, good looks, perfect naturalness and winsome smile have made her the idol of the picture world public.

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THE THEATRE

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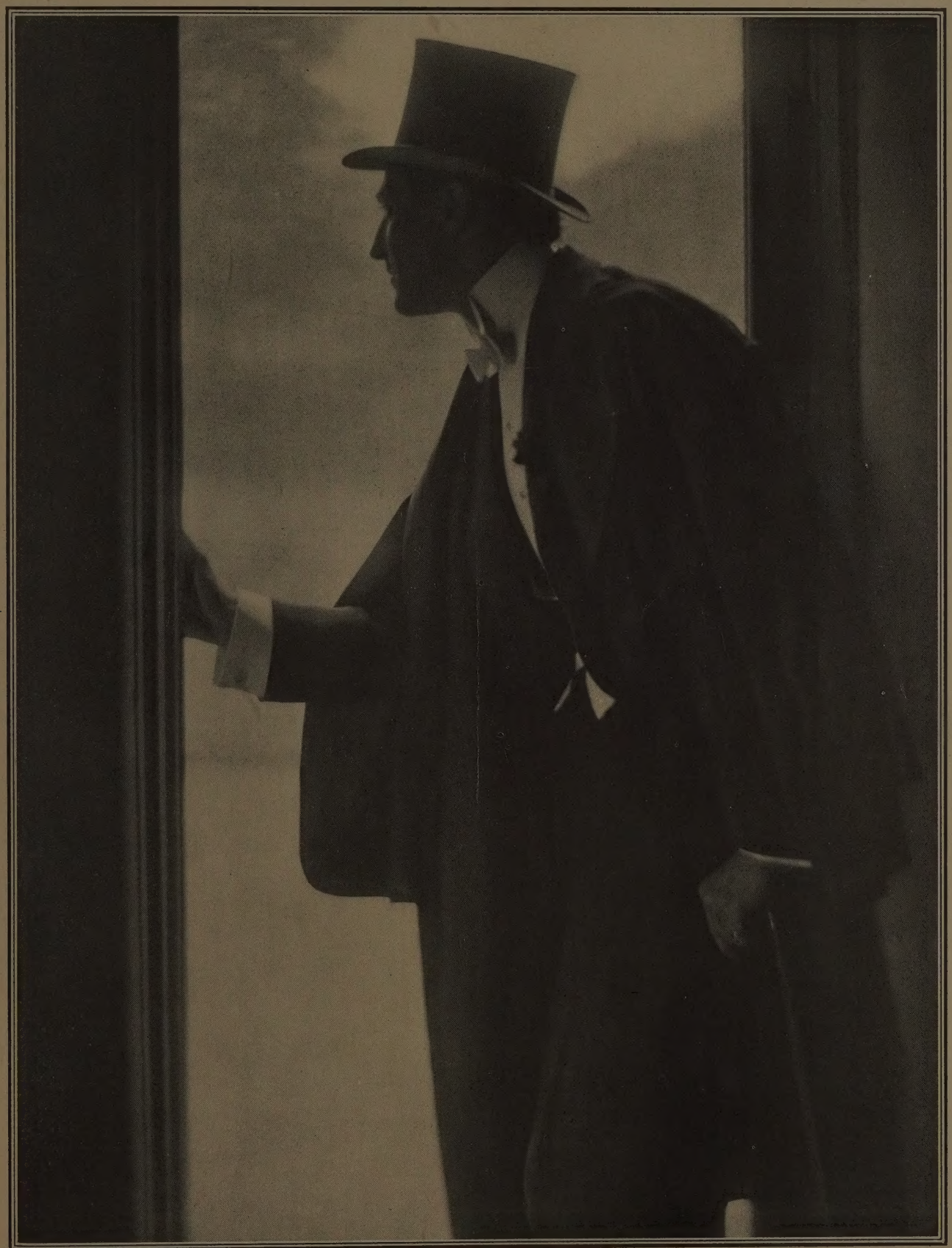


Photo Baron De Meyer

LOU-TELLEGEN IN "SECRET STRINGS," NOW AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
—SHAKESPEARE.

COMEDY. "AT THE BARN." Play in three acts by Anthony Wharton. Produced on November 30th with this cast:

Lord Clonbarry.....W. Graham Browne	Knowles .....Herbert Ross
Kenneth Maxwell.....A. E. Anson	Miss Hawes.....Kate Serjeantson
James B. Crane.....Franklin Dyall	Linda Moore.....Lilian Cavanagh
William Lewis.....Guy Newall	Grace Trevelyan.....Nellie Moore
Duncan Stewart.....Kenyon Musgreave	Molly Blair.....Marie Tempest

Amiable would seem to be an adjective particularly fitted to a certain type of plays. It implies that they are not grossly inadequate but simply only something more than tolerable. Such pieces are usually comedies wherein delicacy and gentleness of treatment are supposed to make up for want of vitality of motive. One of these is "At the Barn," which Marie Tempest presented as her second offering at the Comedy Theatre. Its author, Anthony P. Wharton, described it as "an idyll in three acts," while the program announced it as a great "London success." "At the Barn" is a very light-waisted affair, but it possessed, at least, one virtue and that is that the end was very superior to its beginning. An author, an artist and a journalist live together in the country. No feminine influence is found about the place. Woman is taboo. Into this Eveless Eden enters Molly Blair, a London actress, who, of course, finds stage life more real than romantic. Owing much to a certain Lord Clonbarry, she had agreed to become his mistress if she obtained her dramatic pinnacle through his influence. The time for her sacrifice is at hand; but she shies at it; runs away from him and his broken down motor and announces to the astonished triumvirate that she has come to stay for a fortnight. Of course, the three misogynists not only find her invaluable, but jointly fall in love with her. Mild misunderstandings follow; but in the end Clonbarry is disposed of and Molly snares the prime woman hater, Maxwell, the author. The dialogue contains some bright lines and is really appropriate in its application to character, while the third act reveals technical skill and a nice working up to a foregone conclusion.

Molly Blair is perfectly suited to Miss Tempest's vein of high-polished comedy. To it she brings a world of appropriate detail, illuminate flashes of revelatory feminism, and that arch and mischievous charm and good nature so associated with her work. That she makes so much of this tenuous rôle is a fitting tribute to the surety and breadth of her art. A. E. Anson is excellent as the contained novelist who finally falls a victim to her lure, and his two associates are portrayed with life-like fidelity by Franklin Dyall and Guy Newall. W. Graham Browne is quite in the picture as the naughty Clonbarry who is not so very bad after all, and there is a capitally trained man servant in the person of Herbert Ross. Kate Serjeantson, as the keeper of the village morals, serves a mildly comic purpose. There are three other characters in the comedy. Why? Probably the author knows.

White

MARIE TEMPEST
As Molly Blair in "At the Barn"

PLAYHOUSE. "POLYGAMY." Play in four acts by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced on December 1st with this cast:

Daniel Whitman.....Ramsey Wallace	Charlotte Tanner.....Amy Hodges
Zina .....Chrystal Herne	Clara Tanner.....Marie Pinkard
Brigham Kemble.....William B. Mack	Matilda Tanner.....Marie Hudson
Annis Grey.....Katherine Emmet	Augusta Strong.....Mona Ryan
Moroni Tanner.....Stephen Wright	Emeline Strong.....Grace Atwell
Nephi Kemble..... Thomas Irwin	Helen Fenton.....Lucy Cotton
Esther.....Lizzie Hudson Collier	Ezra Strong.....Frank McEntee
Rhoda.....Pauline Curley	Brother Rush.....Roy Stone
Lorenzo.....Howard M. Stuart	Brother McHugh.....James Morton
Bathsheba Tanner.....Mary Shaw	The Prophet.....Howard Kyle

In addition to its absorbing novelty—even though its final act is, from a logical point of view, a trifle shaky—"Polygamy" is one of the very best all-around acted pieces in town. If the public does not respond to this offering, managers in despair may well ask what does it want?

This new American play by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford has for its theme the Mormon question, which has not been utilized for stage purposes since De Wolf Hopper starred in "One Hundred Wives," and McKee Rankin (and his wife, Kitty Blanchard,) appeared in "The Danites," both more than 30 years ago. "Polygamy," however, is declared to represent social, political and financial conditions as they exist to-day in Utah. The authors claim that the Mormon church is a real enemy to the nation, and though outwardly responding to the Federal legal restraints imposed upon it is still a menacing hierarchy. That by its immense wealth it influences legislation, stifles opposition, and by the fearful power of its churchly teaching is corrupting the morals of the native and the alien. In expounding this thesis the authors take the case of young Daniel Whitman, happily married to one wife and the father of two children. His brother-in-law, Brigham Kemble, is a backslider from the faith of the saints; his apostacy having caused him to lose the hand of Annis. Grey, to whom he was betrothed. Annis has since become a widow. Their respective fathers, fanatics in the cause, influenced by different motives, bring about, through the Prophet, the decree that Daniel shall be stripped of all his worldly possessions or fulfill his spiritual obligations by taking unto himself a second wife in the person of Annis. Such a situation it is easily seen results in a series of scenes, powerfully effective in phasing the emotions of the various persons concerned in this hideous entanglement. An elderly "plural" wife, played with marvellous feeling and ironic despair by Mary Shaw, enables them all, in the final act, to escape the State, a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion; as logic and circumstance both point inevitably to a tragic catastrophe. The dialogue is skilfully written, straightforward, expeditious and incisive. The construction, too, is excellent in suspense and cumulative interest. Throughout, the acting is of the highest order. No rôle, however insignificant,

is neglected. As the apostate, W. B. Mack is a smouldering volcano of embittered hate, a creation of compelling force and repressed emotion. Equally strong is Katherine Emmett, as Annis, whose life has been sacrificed by her fate. Whitman and his wife are graciously and intensely impersonated by Ramsey Wallace and Chrystal Herne, but why should the latter don her very best at the moment of her most poignant grief? It is a portrait of convincing kind which Howard Kyle draws of the all powerful Prophet, while the fanatic fathers are sketched with grim determination by Stephen Wright and Thomas Irwin. As the apostate's mother, Lizzie Hudson Collier sounds a feminine note of real beauty and sincerity.

The setting for Act II is a room in the Temple, a rich, handsome and fitting background for its sequence of stirring and dramatic happenings.

HUDSON. "THE BIG IDEA." Play in three acts by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Produced on December 5th with the following cast:

Richard Howard, Ernest Glendinning; James Howard, Forrest Robinson; Robert Caswell, Richard Sterling; Mr. Byrne, Harrold Russell; Charles Gilmore, William Courtleigh; Steven Bingham, George Wright, Jr; Jim, Harrold Grau; Elaine Foster, Desmond Kelly; Mrs Howard, Isabel Garrison; Elsie Howard, Hazel Lowry; Mary, Frances Wright.

A play by Mr. Clayton Hamilton and Mr. A. E. Thomas naturally would excite anticipatory interest. The two dramatists have approved qualities of intellect, and they know the stage. Humor and efficiency in the play itself were to be expected. We found "The Big Idea" entertaining and significant of the ability of the authors. The short stay of the comedy in New York indicates that perhaps it was not entirely ready. It may be that such an intelligent author and producer as Mr. George M. Cohan, under whose direction the play was brought forward, attached disproportionate importance to the novelty and ingenuity of the idea of the play. The workmanship of the play, it seemed to us, was not only good, but extraordinary. The ingenuity of the idea was a small matter compared with the skill required to carry it out. It was a play within a play. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was a play within a play, but there are essential differences in the plot contrivance of this play and other plays involving what might be called a double action. It is profitless to make any comparison, for each of the successful plays stands on its own bottom, the one practically owing nothing to the other. A young man, already successful as a dramatist, undertakes to write and sell a play within a given time for an amount of money sufficient to meet his father's defalcation in a trust concern, the discovery of which would ruin him. The young dramatist is not alone in what he undertakes. Indeed, it is the young woman to whom he is engaged who discovers the situation and suggests the undertaking. The material for the play is at hand in the present circumstances of their experiences. With this as a basis, the play runs its course with the actual happenings coinciding with the development of the play itself. This is all very well, and if at every point artificiality of the coincidents were provided against, the play would have true action. To justify variation from natural-

Floyd Wilfrid Douthitt Eleanor Painter

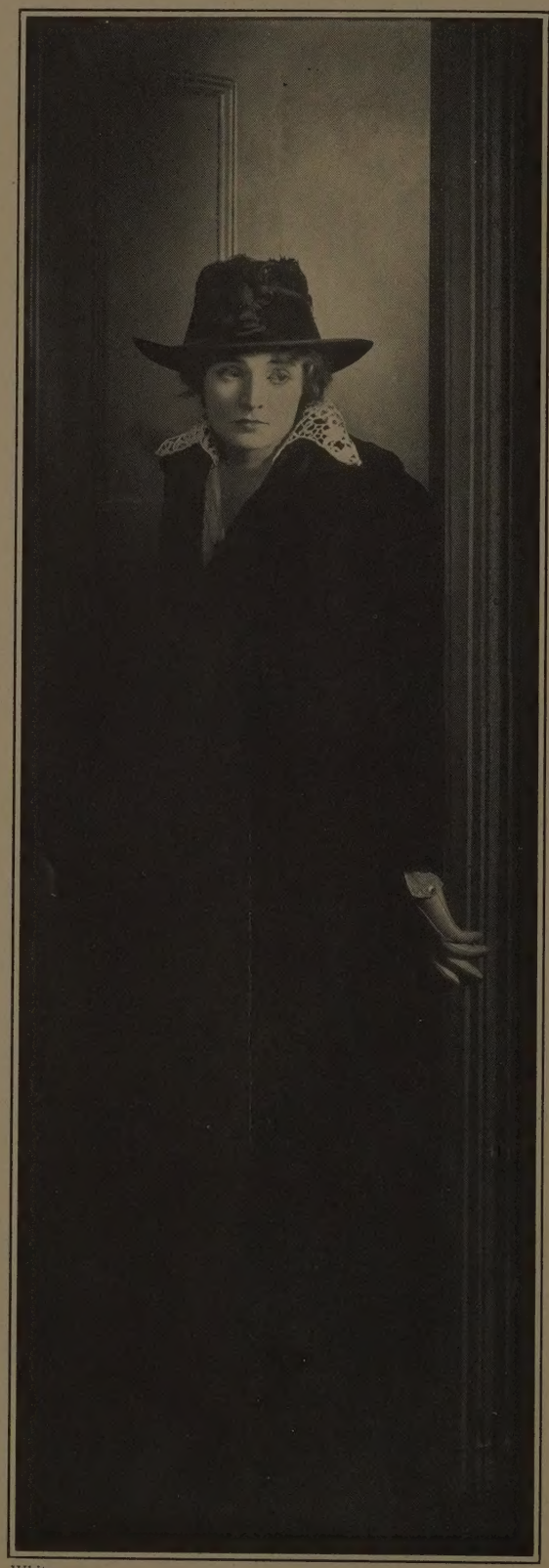
Act I. Count André—"Is this a dream?"

SCENE IN "THE LILAC DOMINO," AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

ness, by calling the play a "trick play," does not meet the objections against the occasionally artificial. The incidents of the play themselves have the fulness and truth of life. Many of the scenes have not been excelled in recent comedy. These are all scenes that had to be. They were chosen with admirable sureness of the dramatic. A creditor bursts in and has to be pacified. The young woman does this adroitly, aided and abetted by the skill of the dramatists. She cajoles him into giving more time. Now, in doing this, she was not consciously shaping, writing, the play within the play. She was acting under immediate compulsion. This should have been the keynote of the whole handling of the action. With less conscious writing of the play within the play, the desired result would be gained. It is enough that the two stage authors discover that events, inevitable or natural enough in themselves, are helping them. It is well enough for them occasionally to be framing their lines and rehearsing bits of scenes because they readily fall into their hands. All the passages of this kind are amusing and hit the nail on the head. The entire last act is capital. The two stage authors visit the managers with the hope, which may also be called the intention, of selling him the unfinished play. To ask a manager for twenty-two thousand dollars for an unfinished play, cash in hand, is preposterous. And yet the situation is worked out without the intrusion of the absurdity of it on the minds of the audience. It is worked out in a very skillful way or it would not leave the impression it does; it would not excite such unreserved laughter. The seemingly impossible is made possible. The manager is not only flattered when he finds that he has participated in a scene which they say they shall make a part of their play, but he sees the value of it. The audience has seen the value of it, else the manager taking the chance he does when he signs his check would be so absurd that there would be humor of no kind in it. The acting in the play was notably good, Mr. William Courtleigh, as the manager, Mr. Ernest Glendinning, as the young dramatist, Desmond Kelley, as his associate, and Harrold Russell, as the bank official who is so urgent about payment that he has to be satisfied. The other characters were in good hands, and the production generally was of the satisfactory kind we usually expect from Mr. George M. Cohan.

LIBERTY. "TWELFTH NIGHT." Play in three acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on November 23rd with this cast:

Orsino	Lawson Butt
Sebastian	Reginald Goode
Antonio	James Berry
A Sea Captain	Roy Cochran
Valentine	William Giffard
Curio	Reynolds Evans
Sir Toby Belch	Eben Plympton
Sir Andrew Aguechcek,	Walter Creighton
Malvolio	Henry E. Dixey
Fabian	Edgar Kent
Feste	Cecil Cameron
Priest	Maxwell Ryder
1st Officer	Claude Stevens
Oliva	Edith Campbell Walker
Maria	Jessie Busley
Viola	Phyllis Neilson-Terry



White

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

In Act I of "So Much For So Much," recently at the Longacre

A big accomplishing histrionic ancestry is sometimes a handicap. Youthful beauty is always a theatrical asset. With the fame of the noted Terry family behind her, the youngest of that house, Phyllis Neilson recently made her American début as a star at the Liberty Theatre, in a revival of "Twelfth Night." In view of the marvellous success that her aunt, Ellen, had made as Viola, something too much perhaps was expected of the very beautiful daughter of Fred Terry and his accomplished wife, Julia Neilson.

Miss Terry brings many physical attributes of fine value to her interpretation of the rôle, and she possesses a natural or rather intuitive gift of stage necessities. She is never really awkward nor does she violate any of the fixed traditions. Yet her Viola is only pleasing. It is fragmentary in its poetical force, casual rather than convincing, wanting in a fine fixed continuity. The charm of youth is there, but its immaturity is too prevalent. Her simulation of the boy was excellent, so good in its freedom of animal spirits that it robbed in a sense the feminine side of a character, who "never spoke her love, but let concealment like a worm i' the bud prey on her damask cheek." Particularly happy was she in the reading of this speech which in intonation, feeling and variety of expression measured well up to her aunt's standard. If lacking in the Promethean spark, her Viola gives excellent promise of surer things to come.

Henry E. Dixey was the Malvolio, an interpretation created under the Daly régime, and very good of its kind, wanting something of that Quixotic spirit that gives a pathetic touch to the vagaries of an arch egoist, but sound and effective on the comic side. The gentlemanly phase of the bibulous Sir Toby was nicely expressed by Eben Plympton, and there was a conventionally delineated Sir Andrew in the person of Walton Creighton. Fiery indignation was feelingly expressed by James Berry as a Sea Captain and mercurial sprightliness by Cecil Cameron as Feste, the clown. Jessie Busley's Maria is modern in spirit but is full of life and a real factor in the comic uplift. The production is a rich one, and Joseph Urban's scenery deserved much better lighting than it got. Bizzare notes must be delicately handled or effects are worse than lost; they are ruined.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Musical show in three acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by H. B. Smith. Produced on December 8th with this cast:

Willie Steele, Sam Burbank; Silas Flint, William J. Halligan; Estelle, Justine Johnstone; Ebenezer Hardacre, Harry Kelly; Howe Strange, Al Holbrook; Birdie O'Brien, Elizabeth Murray; Ernesta Hardacre, Sallie Fisher; Joseph Lilyburn, Vernon Castle; Algy Cuffs, Charles King; Juliet Peach, Dama Sykes; Stella Spark, Elizabeth Brice; Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mrs. Vernon Castle; Anne Marshall, Harriet Leidy; The Ghost of Verdi, Harry Ellis; A. Pulman Porter, Frank Tinney; Denny, Irving J. Carpenter; Josiah Jay, Gus Minton; Samantha Jay, Dorothy Morosco.

Irving Berlin in writing "Watch Your Step" had one aim in view—to leave to posterity a genuine ragtime musical comedy. That he has succeeded is proved by the overflowing crowd that fills the New Amsterdam. The S. R. O. sign would be displayed nightly if the fire department regulations were not so strictly enforced. "Watch Your Step" is no play. It has no plot, and still it is entertainment that the most unsophisticated will enjoy. It is huge spectacular vaudeville where no expense has been spared to secure the best talent. The scenery and costumes are in keeping. Berlin has outdone Berlin in writing the music, and the lyrics at times have a real meaning. To those who only know Vernon Castle of the nimble feet, his acting and singing must have been a revelation. He is genuinely artistic, and his dry humor is very entertaining. Mrs. Vernon Castle is another treat. Frank Tinney will make anyone laugh at any time. Elizabeth Brice and Charles King, either singly or in their duets, are always a treat to eye and ear. These four principals, surrounded by Harry Kelly, Sally Fisher, Elizabeth Murray, and other favorites, have invaded New York to stay. Berlin is now a part of America.

Copyright Ira L. Hill

MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE
Appearing in "Watch Your Step" at the New Amsterdam

PRINCESS. ONE-ACT PLAYS. Produced on November 24th.

With its four little plays of distinctive quality, the present bill at the Princess Theatre will compel a wider attention, in actual attendance, than this playhouse of the intensely dramatic has received. It has produced many little plays that were gruesome and thrilling — undoubtedly effective — but without any compensation in the idea back of the story. Only one of the little plays in the present bill is gruesome without emotional compensation. A man about to go to the electric chair for murder has repeatedly refused to see a woman who claims to be his mother. At the last moment the warden has him brought in and the woman claiming to be his mother admitted. The condemned man is determined that his mother, who the woman is, shall not know the fate of her son. He denies his identity. He frames a plausible story, in which he tells of having known her son while they were both in the service as sailors, and confesses that he had killed him in a drunken brawl. The details of this story we need not give. The mother, at first tearfully insisting upon recognition, finally believes him and goes out calling down curses on him. The man is led out to be executed.

"The Fog" is gruesome, but it is so (*Continued on page 44*)

White

Scene 4. The Field Hospital

SCENE IN BEULAH M. DIX'S PLAY, "ACROSS THE BORDER," AT THE PRINCESS

FAMOUS PLAYERS CONTRIBUTE THEIR TALENTS

Margaret Anglin in "The Taming of the Shrew"

Julie Opp in "Julius Cæsar"

Frances Starr in "The Rose of the Rancho"

William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes"

William Faversham as Iago

Ellen Terry as Portia

Viola Allen as Hermione

Edith Wynne Matthison as Everyman

Henry E. Dixey as Adonis

Annie Russell in "She Stoops to Conquer"

Robert Mantell in "King Lear"

Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks"

STRIKING REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN STAGE IN AN EXTRAORDINARY BENEFI

Many of the happiest memories of the American stage were revived on the boards of the Strand Theatre, on December 8th last, when some thirty of our most prominent artists appeared in a unique all-star cast for the benefit of the Belgian women and children made destitute by the war. Each player appeared in the rôle with which he or she is best identified. It was a notable procession of famous dramatic characters. Thomas Jeffer-

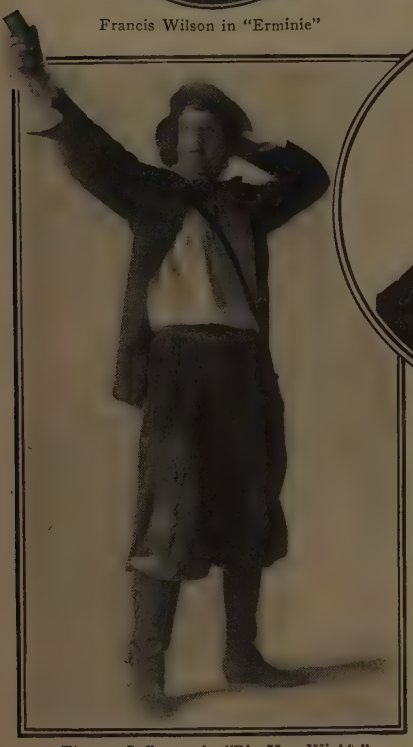
TO AID THE BELGIAN VICTIMS OF THE WAR

Francis Wilson in "Erminie"

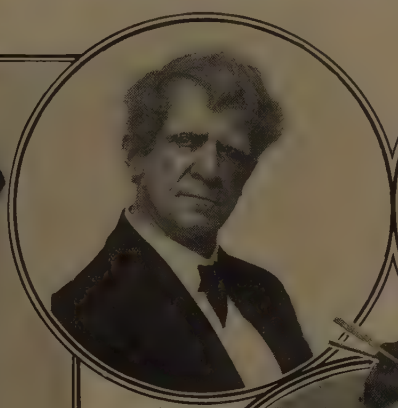
Mrs. Sol Smith in "Romeo and Juliet"

Alla Nazimova as Hedda Gabbler

Jane Cowl in "Within the Law"



Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"



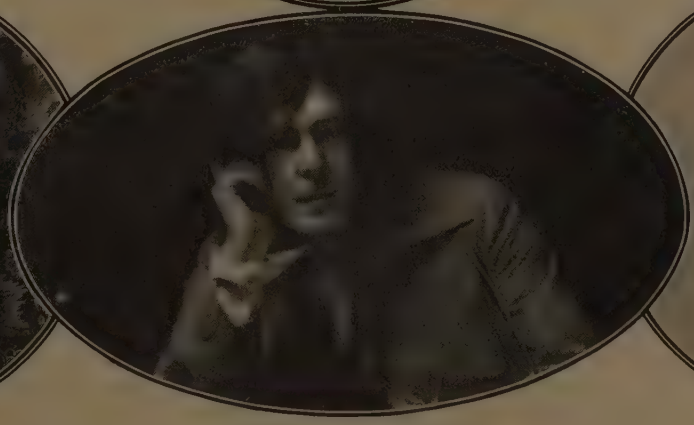
William H. Crane in "David Harum"

Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long-Legs"

Blanche Bates in "Madame Butterfly"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pelleas and Melisande"

Marie Doro in "Oliver Twist"



Henry Miller in "The Only Way"

Gabrielle Dorziat in "The Hawk"

ERFORMANCE GIVEN AT THE STRAND THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY

son was seen as Rip Van Winkle, a part which his father endeared to countless theatre-goers, Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared as Melisande, William Gillette was seen as Sherlock Holmes, William H. Crane as David Harum, Edith Wynne Matthison as Everyman, Viola Allen as Hermione, Ellen Terry as Portia, Henry Miller in "The Only Way," etc., etc. The benefit yielded the sum of $15,000.

Dramatic Criticism—What It Is and What It Should Be

THERE is no form of public entertainment that draws such diversified opinion upon its merits and demerits as the play. Whether a play is a good play or a bad play are questions that seriously affect the pocketbooks of many persons. The producer is most vitally concerned, for the thousands of dollars he has invested are at stake. The actors tremble for their weekly salaries and the theatre-goer is interested to the extent of gambling his evening and the price of his seat. How shall the manager know that his play will succeed? How shall the theatre-goer know what play is worth seeing? The critic helps to decide. Criticism is necessary. The competent critic upholds the best traditions of the drama, he is the guardian of good taste, the promoter of good art, and he sets a standard of production and acting based on the best the boards have known. Without such a standard, managers and actors would be hopelessly at sea, and the art of acting would quickly disappear. Apart, however, from this academic aspect of the critic, he fulfills another and more popular function. In the confines of a brief article, often brilliantly written, he tells the eager theatre-goer all about a play the morning following the first production, gives an outline of the plot and his own opinion, more or less frankly expressed, of the value of the situations and dialogue and the performance given by the actors. In other words, the theatre-going public has come to accept the critic of his morning or evening newspaper as an official mentor on what is and is not worth seeing. Does the critic fulfill this responsible duty conscientiously? Has he ever advised you to spend on a play money which you have later regretted? Has he ever discouraged you from seeing a play which later you discovered to be exactly to your taste? In other words, is the critic sometimes at fault? Has his frequent theatre-going made him *blasé* and soured his judgment? Some managers complain that critics are unfair, and that for the sake of a few witticisms they damn a production which has cost thousands of dollars and weeks of hard work to prepare. The critic, on the other hand, retorts that managers and actors are intolerant of criticism, that they wish only to be praised, and often use whatever influence they may have in newspaper advertising departments to stifle all adverse criticism, and prevent the fearless, independent reviewer from telling the truth. What are the real facts? What is dramatic criticism as practiced to-day in this city and what should it be? Leading critics, playwrights, managers, have been asked for their opinions, and their different points of view, given herewith, help to a solution of a most interesting question.

Louis DeFoe

Without Bias or Prejudice

By LOUIS DEFOE

Dramatic Critic of the New York World

I CANNOT tell you what dramatic criticism is on other papers, but I can tell you what it is on the *World*. I speak only from my personal experiences as dramatic critic of this paper for sixteen years. My traffic is absolutely and strictly between what I see on the stage, acted, not before invited audiences or for private consumption, but publicly given as public entertainment, and the readers of this paper; and it is written for the reader of this paper. My sole purpose is to tell readers of this newspaper what is taking place in the dramatic world, and with such comment and opinion as can be properly based on my own knowledge of the drama. That criticism, or comment, or reporting, you can call it what you like, is valuable to the reader of this paper only so far as it is absolutely fearless, unprejudiced, competent in judgment and unbiased by private consideration of whatever kind.

Criticism of all kinds is subject to the exigencies of the present time. Charles Lamb, Hazlett, Lessing in Germany, William Winter in his early days, were able to write with great deliberation, with plenty of time and at length. The element of time did not count in their day as it counts now. The same is likewise true as pertaining to the reader. A criticism could then be a discussion of the play and its actors, a comment upon its likelihood and a description of the whole. To-day all written matter has to be concentrated and boiled down; and while I hate to think so, that critic is most read who can crowd most interesting matter into the shortest space. And yet I am not prepared to believe but that dramatic criticisms and opinions of to-day are just as staple and are based upon just as sound tenets of art and good taste as they were at an earlier period.

Honest criticism is not written to please actors or theatrical managers; and yet those very people should always be given the indulgent encouragement of the dramatic critic. Criticism that destroys or deters producer, author or actor is pernicious. One of the very first obligations of the dramatic critic is to get into sympathy with the author, the producer and the actor.

The greatest fault I observe in dramatic criticism of the present day is that the author is being blamed and derided for expressing something that he never intended to express.

Last of all things should the dramatic critic write about himself. I do not mean that the personality of the dramatic critic should not enter into his criticism, but rather that exploitation of himself should be kept rigidly out of it. The younger generation of reviewers may not believe me, but those of them who avoid self-advertisement will become best known and most authoritative in the end.

Critics No Aid to Dramatists

By CHARLES KLEIN

Author of "The Lion and the Mouse," Etc.

Charles Klein

THE history of dramatic criticism is the same as the history of religion. People have lost their faith in it, and the dramatists no longer look to the critic for help. His work is either praised or blamed, "booster or roasted." It is seldom if ever criticized.

Dramatic criticism is destructive; it should be constructive. The critic of the hour shows more interest in the question, "is the play going to be a success?" than he does in its ethical, moral, structural or literary value. There is no standard of criticism. "I like it," or "I don't like it" is empty statement, not criticism, and has only a passing value unless the reasons for such opinions are given, together with some suggestion as to the right course to have been pursued. This, I suppose, would be too technical, too dry, to interest the average newspaper reader, and so criticism is made as amusing to the reader as possible; and this very often at the expense of the author, the actors and the better judgment and good taste of the critic himself.

In my belief, criticism can neither make nor destroy a play. It can retard it and it can help slightly; but in no way is the newspaper the final arbiter of the play's fate. This has been my experience during a period of twenty-five years.

Academic criticism seems to be a thing of the past. Technical, impersonal criticism is really helpful; from it the playwright receives instructions and encouragement, even from his failure. Now the verdict is tersely, "A year's run or the storehouse."

To-day the objective point in criticism is to make it interesting and amusing rather than instructive. I presume the editor knows what his public wants, but the author is sadly in need of some standard academic mentors—critics who know and who point out defects in an impersonal way, not critics who display anger or personal resentment.

There is a growing divergence of point of view between the critic and the general public, and an almost total lack of sympathy between the author and the critic. I think the public recognizes the fact that the dramatic critic is painfully overworked, and while the box office does not suffer so much through this condition, the reader must inevitably lose confidence in professional criticism because of repeated misdirection.

The dramatic critic should point out the remedy as well as the defect, and then we should know that he knows. Criticism is a serious responsibility and should be regarded as such. It is not only the tired business-man, it is also the tired critic whom the author has to please.

W. J. Henderson

Critic a Circulation Getter

By WILLIAM J. HENDERSON

Music Critic of the New York Sun.

DRAMATIC criticism is chiefly a very unsatisfactory combination of criticism and reporting. The main cause of its present condition is the conception of the average managing editor of what ought to be. As a rule, he wants matter written that will interest the largest number of readers, without regard to the artistic, or, indeed, any other side. In other words, the dramatic critic must be a circulation getter, and by how much he fails in this by so much he fails of being what the managing editor calls a good dramatic critic. Dramatic criticism, then, being actuated by the needs and desires of the managing editor, places the actor in front and subordinates the thing acted. People generally want to read about the singers in the opera, their costumes, their make-up and their doings, rather than their artistic work, and this leads to a prostitution of real criticism, which should confine itself to the interpretations of the artistic parts. Dramatic criticism to-day, then, is an effort on the part of the managing editor to interest readers and so maintain or increase circulation.

Dramatic criticism should be an honest effort on the part of a man who has spent years in the study of his craft, and who has thus attained a superior measure of knowledge and ability, to take up the large side of art and discuss that, without regard to the actors or the singers personally. Having done this, he might then take up the actor or the singer and tell the people that he or she is the one who has done this so well, or so poorly, as the case may be, and advise them to see the play and the artist; or to stay away. Criticism should not be hampered by any personality, whether of the artist, the critic or the managing editor, and certainly not by the circulation manager.

Henry Blossom

Should Aim to Assist Authors

By HENRY BLOSSOM

Author of "The Only Girl," Etc.

AS there are no fixed rules for the writing of theatrical entertainments, the critics must use their own judgment in determining what to them seems the good and bad points of the various dramas, farces, operas, etc., upon which it is often their very painful duty to sit in judgment.

Every season some theatrical production achieves an instantaneous success, despite the fact that it upsets all the known rules of construction and previous efforts in the same field. "On Trial" and "Innocent," for example, two of the big hits of the present season, utterly controvert all our ordinary and hide-bound ideas.

Experience shows that no amount of adverse criticism will hurt a good play nor will any amount of "boosting" aid a bad one. Whether a play is good or bad must, in its final analysis, be determined by the great, paying public, who either come or stay away.

As it is the business of every critic to tell the public the truth, and as it naturally hurts his prestige as a critic when he misjudges a play, these gentlemen very naturally strive to the best of their ability to give a straightforward critique of each performance as they see it. That the account of one critic may be glowingly praiseful and that that of another, quite as competent, utterly condemnatory of the same piece, is merely a matter of personal equation, which personal equation is sometimes affected by the weather, by the critic's physical or nervous condition, or by other extraneous matters.

Criticism, *per se*, should, in my opinion, be limited to such analysis of plays as will aid the public in determining whether they care to see it or not, and its aim should be to assist authors, producers and artists by pointing out defects which may possibly be remedied, or at least in the future be avoided.

Abuse and flippancy is not criticism, and should never find a place in the critic's column. If many of them appreciate the amount of time, brains, energy, earnestness, sleeplessness and heartache that has gone into the making and producing of a play, they would strive to temper justice with mercy and remember the old maxim: "To criticize is easy, to achieve is difficult."

Present System Defective

By VICTOR HERBERT

Composer of "The Only Girl," Etc.

Victor Herbert

TO my mind the present method of dramatic and musical criticism in New York could be improved upon, for no matter how intelligent, proficient and able the dramatic critic—and ours are as able as any in the world—it is impossible to write an adequate review of a production as they have to do it. While in London recently I read the writings of the critics there. They were not so intelligent and thorough as those we see daily in our New York newspapers. The same system prevails in England as obtains here, but on the Continent it is different. On the Continent the big works, at least, are not criticized from the standpoint of the daily papers, but the criticisms are more in the nature of a review of the thing itself, and that after it has been played some time. In America a critic is forced to write his opinion of a new play, opera or other important production before it has been produced. It is impossible, under the present system, for him to do otherwise. Of an opera he writes his criticism after a personal perusal of the score, or from his own observations of what has been accomplished at rehearsals to which he has been admitted. At best, he writes after one performance; and I do not think any man living can write a fair criticism of a work of real importance after only one performance. This is borne out by the fact that a number of works which are now established were pronounced failures by some critics after having been seen for the first time.

My idea of a criticism of a first performance, in justice to the piece and to its critics both, is that it should be a review of what took place. There I find that critics make their greatest mistake. Instead of saying, for instance, that the public seemed to like it, that there were twenty curtain calls, and that there was a demonstration at the close of the performance, they often omit this and give simply their own opinions of the play. This I claim is wrong, so far as the basic idea of newspaper work is concerned. This basic idea is to give a competent report of what happened.

In all serious criticism of works of importance there should be two elements. First, the report of it, just as the report of any other occurrence is printed in another part of the paper. Second, if the piece calls for artistic criticism, that criticism should be made after it has been performed several times.

When I look up criticisms I find that the mildest, at least in respect of music, were written by two of music's greatest stars—Schumann and Liszt. Both wrote extensively and both were always trying to find something good in what they criticized. I recommend a study of their writings to some of the gentlemen who, for the sake of a joke, are willing to down a thing on which an artist has worked for years.

For myself, I have no axe to grind; but I do feel a deep sense of gratitude toward those critics who, I can happily say, have encouraged me since I started in New York twenty-seven

years ago. They have done more good toward the development of my ability and have had a better effect upon my artistic output than those who have belittled my efforts.

Adolph Klauber

Criticisms Often Undependable

By ADOLPH KLAUBER

[Mr. Klauber's point of view is interesting from the fact that for many years he was dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, and is now with Messrs. Selwyn & Company in a managerial capacity. He is able, therefore, to speak from both sides of the fence.]

IT is impossible to generalize about dramatic criticism. In a number of cases it is an individual expression of opinion. By that I do not mean to use the familiar phrase that criticism is, after all, "only one man's opinion." That, as a matter of fact, is what all criticism must be; but that one man's opinion ought to be an informed opinion—one based upon knowledge and experience. In other words, it should be that sort of criticism that Shakespeare must have had in mind when he spoke of the one opinion which "must outweigh a whole theatre of others."

There are two salient conditions which are responsible for many of the defects in modern dramatic criticism. One is the fact that of a large quantity of the material offered for such consideration some cannot and much should not be reviewed at all. It is merely an article of commerce, to be bought or rejected by the individual purchaser according to his taste and inclinations. The second, I should say, is the fact that—possibly on account of this very quality on much of the matter offered—when serious and deserving matter is presented, the findings in regard to it lie in the hands of the same persons who have been entrusted with the verdict on the least deserving sort.

This condition is largely because some of the men at the heads of some of the newspapers do not consider drama and literature as worthy of very serious consideration. They let young, untrained and uninstructed men deal with matter of this kind, whereas they would not allow similarly inexperienced talent to deal with the subtleties of real estate, finance or politics. Therefore, a great deal of the dramatic criticism is undependable.

I do not think, and never have thought, that it is the province of the dramatic critic to determine box office affairs, nor to pose as a prophet of success or failure. I have frequently had occasion to review plays unfavorably that I felt certain would appeal to a large part of the general public; but as they violated every canon of good drama and good taste, I, as a critic, did not feel called upon to extol virtues which did not exist—and the reverse of the proposition was quite often as true.

I do believe, however, that, in the present unsettled state of dramatic criticism, the safest method to be pursued, especially by men who have had no definite training, and who are without personal predilections for the drama, is to write a running account of the play, told as brightly and as neatly as possible. From this the general reader may be able to determine whether it would be likely to interest him or not. Overpraise, of both actors and playwrights, will work as much damage as under appreciation, and the temperate review, whether favorable or unfavorable, is much to be preferred. It will prove more beneficial in the long run than a hysterical outcry of either merit or defects.

Where the dramatic critic has had proper education and experience, I believe a criticism should be a frank expression out of his experience and from his knowledge—what he believes to be the truth, and entirely from an artistic standpoint, devoid of every suggestion of personal bias.

A Target For Facetious Writers

By H. H. FRAZEE

Producer of "A Pair of Sixes," Etc.

H. H. Frazee

INTELLIGENT, honest dramatic criticism is the best friend that the manager has. It helps him to avoid mistakes. But until newspaper proprietors realize that its appeal to their readers cannot be based on ridicule, reviews of current performances will lose all force and weight with the public. A newspaper deals seriously with politics, social functions, literature and sports. Why, then, is the theatre singled out as an easy target for facetious scribblers? Most of these writers start out honestly enough, no doubt, but judging from the tone of their reviews they seem to be afflicted with more *ennui* than the "tired business man" we hear so much about.

It would be absurd to claim merit for everything that is offered on the stage. I do not think, however, that the dramatic newspaper reviewer who, after all, represents only one man's opinion, should be permitted to sit in judgment and condemn a play in advance, when the public has not yet been afforded an opportunity to judge for itself. I do not think criticism should be abolished, as some have urged, but I do believe it should be regulated to the extent that it does injustice to no one. I think the reviewer should seek not so much to give his own opinion as to convey to his readers the impression which the play has obviously created on the audience.

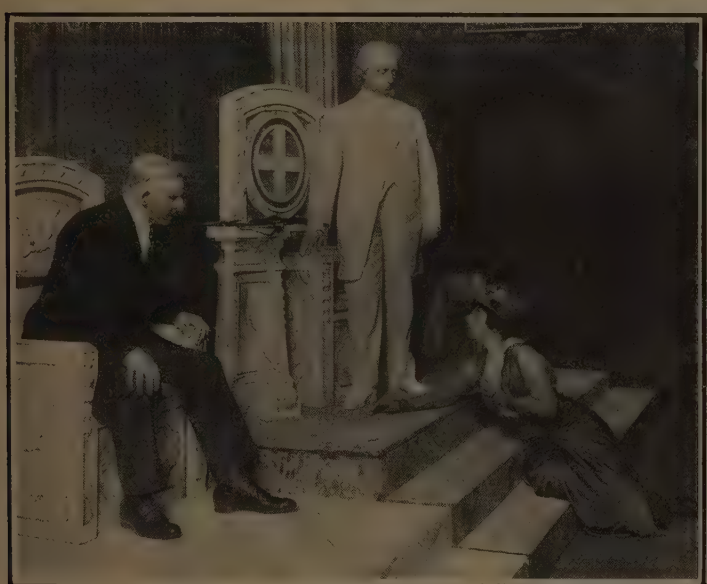
White

SCENE IN "PILATE'S DAUGHTER," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CENTURY OPERA HOUSE
This miracle play was written by a priest, and is notable from the fact that the cast is made up entirely of women

Photos White
William B. Mack

Katherine Emmet Mary Shaw

Act I. Bathsheba (Miss Shaw)—"All men are naturally polygamists"



Thomas Irwin Howard Kyle Katherine Emmet

Act II. Annis (Miss Emmet)—"For God's sake let me save my body in my own way"

Ramsey Wallace Katherine Emmet Chrystal Herne

Act III. Zina (Miss Herne)—"Take him! Here's our room. I have my children!"

Lizzie Hudson Collier Chrystal Herne

Act III. Esther (Miss Collier)—"Daughter, you must submit. It is the will of God!"

Katherine Emmet William B. Mack Mary Shaw Chrystal Herne Ramsey Wallace

Act IV. Bathsheba (Miss Shaw)—"And if God wants to hold me responsible, I'm hard enough for even that!"

SCENES IN "POLYGAMY" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE PARK THEATRE

Copyright Mishkin
Don José (Enrico Caruso) and Carmen (Geraldine Farrar) in "Carmen"

Copyright Mishkin
RAYMONDE DELAUNOIS
(New)

A NEW CARME

EVER a dominating factor in New York's artistic and social life, the present season of grand opera at the Metropolitan has assumed even greater importance than before. It has been freely made known that New York is the only one of the great American cities to give its projected opera season; it has also been tacitly admitted that foreign opera houses in all quarters of the globe have been affected by the upheaval of Europe. Yet the Metropolitan has gone calmly about its artistic business, which fact is in itself a tribute to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, its general manager, and to its courageous board of directors.

The public has flocked to these early performances. It seems to have welcomed the Metropolitan as a haven of music—and rest. No one is dead to the fact that within these four walls there are assembled opera artists from almost all quarters of the musical earth, and that, being human, they must harbor sentiments not to be snuffed out. Yet here they all are striving and working in the cause of art. And it is a fine record for these cosmopolitan artists that their work thus far this season has been notable for its earnestness. In short, unless the early weeks of opera here belie the rest of the season, this is going to be one of the very greatest, one of the most notable and interesting ones ever given at this famous art institution. But now to the performances in detail:

Once the season's first night is out of the way, the serious business of opera begins to settle down into its artistic grooves. On November 19th came the first important event, the revival of "Carmen" after six years of neglect at this opera house—excepting, of course, a notably disappointing performance of Bizet's heroine given by Mary Garden, aided and abetted by the Philadelphia Opera Company.

Of even more note than the fact that this was a "Carmen" revival was the item that it was the first time in her career that Geraldine Farrar had essayed the title rôle. She had been tempted numberless times to add the name to her repertoire while in Germany, but she had ample sense enough to know that "Carmen" in German is like, let us say, "Die Walküre" in French. So the temptation was resisted. It was very happy that she did, too, for if ever she had sung it in Germany, critics (meaning the public—every operagoer being a self-appointed critic) would have said: "Perhaps that is a German conception of 'Carmen.'"

Having escaped that pitfall, Miss Farrar was clever enough to escape the second, namely, she did not attempt to ape her illustrious predecessor, Emma Calvé. Instead, she flung traditions to the winds and she worked out for herself an interpretation which, oddly enough, approaches that of the wonderful Bressler-Gianoli—which famous artist Miss Farrar did not see in this rôle.

Farrar's Carmen is by no manner of means a perfect bit of stage portraiture. She has little more than begun to probe to the very depth of this character so far as details are concerned. Yet, contradictory as it may sound, her Carmen was at the start a great bit of work. It had elemental force of passion, a tragic submission to the dictates of fate. It was free of vagaries, such as hurling furniture across the stage, dropping combs and other articles of decoration and wearing apparel, interpolating music which Bizet never wrote or even thought of, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was, instead, a straight, direct bit of worthy dramatic work, which will increase in values as this artist grows older in it. As for her singing, let it be admitted that for her it is the best rôle she ever has essayed here. Its chief demands are upon

T THE OPERA

just those vocal registers in which Farrar is at her best. Of course, there is also a reverse to the medal, and that is the undeniable truth that a Carmen is supposed to have a rich and stirring, voluptuous voice with which to give utterance to the many emotional facets that conspire to mould feminine contrariness into this Sevillian strumpet. Such a voice Farrar has not, which limits her musical expression somewhat; yet, by her artistry, she overcomes these limitations most cleverly. Her costumes again are signs of evident and clever care, her first-act dress being modeled after a Zuloaga painting; and she added considerable to realism of the part by actually dancing a whirling Spanish dance in the Lillas Pastia scene of the second act. To sum it up, Farrar's Carmen is great in its interest, and it seems reasonable to predict that it will in very few years be her greatest rôle.

As for the rest of the cast, it was as great as the artistic resources of this unique opera house afford. Caruso, as Don José, was wonderful, his singing of the *Flower Song* being one of the finest moments in his whole career. Alda, as Micaela, was excellent, though lacking in appeal. Amato sang the Toreador music with lusty voice. Sparkes and Braslau, Reiss and Bada were a fine quartet of smugglers, and the classic diction and dignity of Rothier were of great value in the rôle of Zuniga. Toscanini conducted a performance that was simply perfection in beauty, finesse and big dramatic moments. The new stage settings were faultless in general effect and detail, the chorus sang with a finish that one expects only of principals, and Rosina Galli, a new première danseuse, lately of the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, made her successful début on this occasion, dancing very artistically. The audience was wild with excitement, and the prophets of the box office ventured to say that this "Carmen" revival would prove to be the popular success of the season, which prophecy subsequent repetitions of the opera have borne out.

For the rest, the performances of the first month have been repetitions of operas heard last season, but with this important difference, that a half-dozen or more new singers have made their New York débuts within this time. First among these is a German soprano, Mme. Elisabeth Schumann, who was engaged to slip into the rôles and operatic shoes left vacant by Bella Alten. She made her initial bow as Sophie in Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier," disclosing a brilliant voice of considerable volume and fine character. This part is a particularly trying one, its music lying very high and its demands for lyric expression being exacting. She proved a welcome addition to this ensemble, which impression she deepened in a later appearance as Musetta in "La Bohême."

Two more débuts marked the above-mentioned "La Bohême" performance, these being that of Luca Botta and Riccardo Tegani. The former is a lyric Italian tenor, the best of his kind among the younger Italians heard here in recent years. He has not a "white" voice—for which the heavens be praised!—and he sings with taste. Tegani is a good actor, has good stage presence, but his voice has a very marked tremolo, which fact will not ingratiate him with Metropolitan audiences.

Still another newcomer was Johannes Sembach, a German tenor from Dresden, who made his first bow in the title rôle of Thanksgiving Day's "Parsifal." He is dramatic in his portrayal, is endowed with intelligence and sings effectively, even if his voice is not of the timbre that makes gods of singing men.

Then there was heard for the first (*Continued on page 42*)

ROSINA GALLI
(Première Danseuse)

Copyright Mishkin
SOPHIE BRASLAU IN "BORIS GODUNOFF"

White
FRANCES ALDA AS MICAELA IN BIZET'S OPERA, "CARMEN"

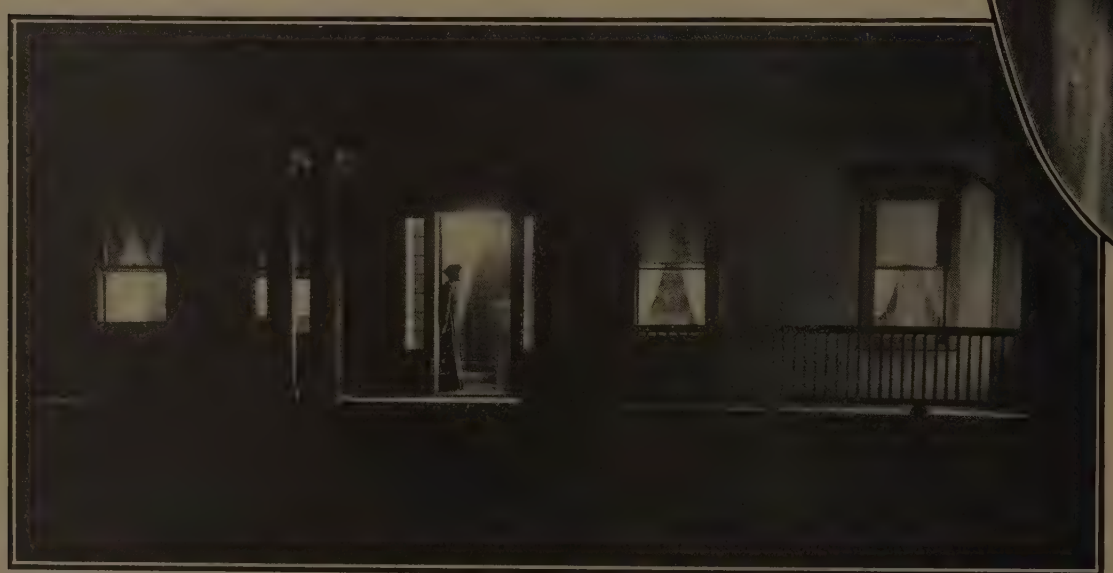
IN FILM LAND

MARY PICKFORD IN THE FILM PRODUCTION OF "CINDERELLA"

THE manner in which night scenes in photoplays are customarily prepared is, of course, no secret. They are photographed in bright sunlight and then tinted to a sombre tone that passes for dusk. This dull tinting follows such titles as "That Night," or "The Following Evening," or "A Few Hours Later," and audiences accept it without question, although there is little illusion on the screen. Tinting dims the entire scene, but it does not produce the contrasts of impenetrable blackness beyond narrow zones of brilliant light. A simple example is that of an ordinary street, or, better yet, that of an alleyway such as attracts our gangsters of fiction and fact. Anyone who has passed through such an alley after nightfall knows the proportions a single light assumes. Beyond its limited halo, objects are seen in the faintest of outlines, if at all. Photograph the same subject in the daytime, then tint the film, and the shadows are not those of the intended scene. The importance of the street light that should dominate the alleyway is lost in the even dullness of things. It is as futile as a lamp left burning after the sun has risen.

In accord with the persistent quest of realistic atmosphere are experiments in actual night photography. Even now there are a few instances of strikingly vivid effects gained under extraordinary conditions, such as that brought about by the Salem conflagration. It happened that a Pathé camera-man, stationed in Boston, was able to reach the doomed town in time to get some remarkable views of the burning buildings. He worked throughout the night with his camera focused on the tongues of flame shooting into the black sky, and his film stands as a graphic depiction of a great fire.

YONA LAUDOUSKA
(Universal Co.)



SCENE IN "THE HOUSE OF FEAR," PRODUCED BY THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

MABEL TRUNNELLE
(Edison Co.)

Harold Lockwood Marguerite Clark
SCENE IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS' FILM, "THE CRUCIBLE"

SALLY COUTE
(Edison Co.)

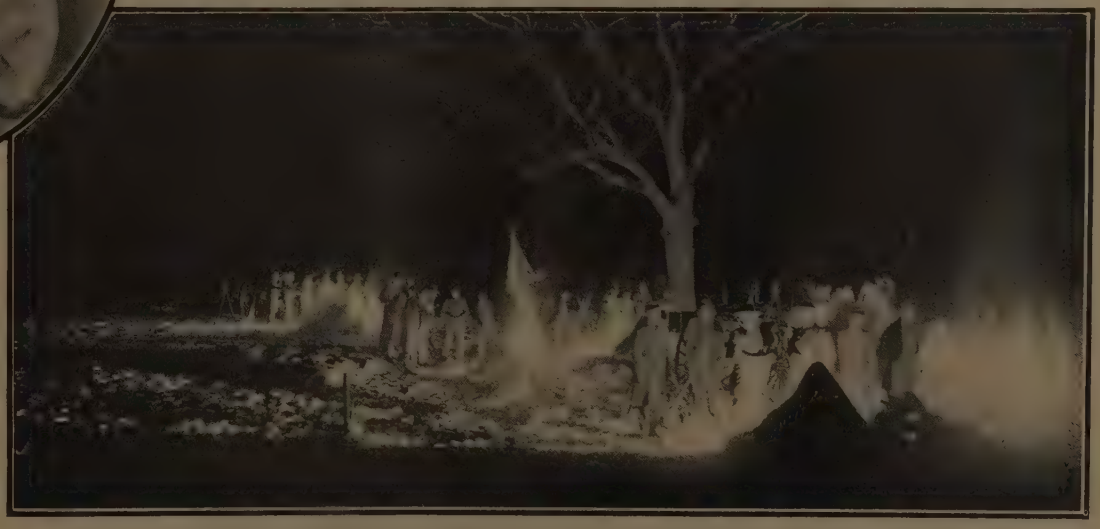
There are a few other similar cases, but they have little bearing on the efforts to make night work in the open a practicable benefit to photoplays.

Nowadays, however, a few directors are building their own fires for the illumination of scenes demanding the atmospheric quality that only night can give. By the light from electric bulbs and bonfires, Edgar Jones took an elaborate spectacle for use in the Lubin picture, "Stonewall Jackson's Way." A Universal director in California, also using bonfires, obtained ghostly effects for a Western subject, "The Brand of His Tribe," and there are other indications that photography of the kind soon will cease to be a novelty. But, granting the feasibility of this method, it still has marked limitations, for burning logs can hardly be induced to provide the calibre of light natural to a city street, nor that which ordinarily surrounds a house on a peaceful evening. Fires, then, would not do for the setting Director Stuart Payton, of the Universal Company, had in mind when he wrote a spooky, Poe-like tale called "The House of Fear." In the completed film the scenes he made one November night will total only a few hundred feet, and probably they will barely suggest the strange mingling of make-believe and fact, mechanics and art, crowded into the cold hours between nine o'clock in the evening and three the following morning.

Edgewater Heights, N. J., is on the Palisades, opposite Harlem, New York, and it is a long way off if you don't know the roads. There are not many houses to choose from, but nearly all answer to the description of the house of the hill, just a little way south by east—you can't miss it. Four automobiles, independently driven, were headed for Edgewater Heights on that evening, and three of the four glided through much of Grantwood, Edgewater and various nameless localities before reaching "The House of Fear." Once sighted, there was no mistaking the glare of arc lights. Villagers, a handful of them, gathered to see what was going on, called it the Sammis house. It is a handsome stucco building on an elevation presenting a clear front to the summer—and the winter breezes. Looking eastward, there appeared to be a steep roadway leading to the Hudson River; across the river, the lights of New York; in other directions, trees and blackness. Evidently the Sammis's had moved elsewhere, for the rooms on the lower floor were bare, save for imitation apple blossoms suspended in the corners and giving the incongruous suggestion of a spring wedding on a November night. There was no warmth in the ten twin arc lights, portable affairs, that were being connected and tested by Mr. Payton, his camera-man and a squad of electricians. The actors had not yet arrived, so the author-director explained what he was trying to accomplish in "The House of Fear," which had behind it the cheerful idea of a girl driven insane by the thought that she had killed a man, when in reality she had done nothing of the kind.

Although ten of the lights were placed in the rooms, they were to contribute to exteriors—an exterior being what the name implies, a scene taken in the open. Mr. Payton wanted his characters to prowl about in a genuinely weird darkness that would make unnecessary the label, "This is night." The four windows

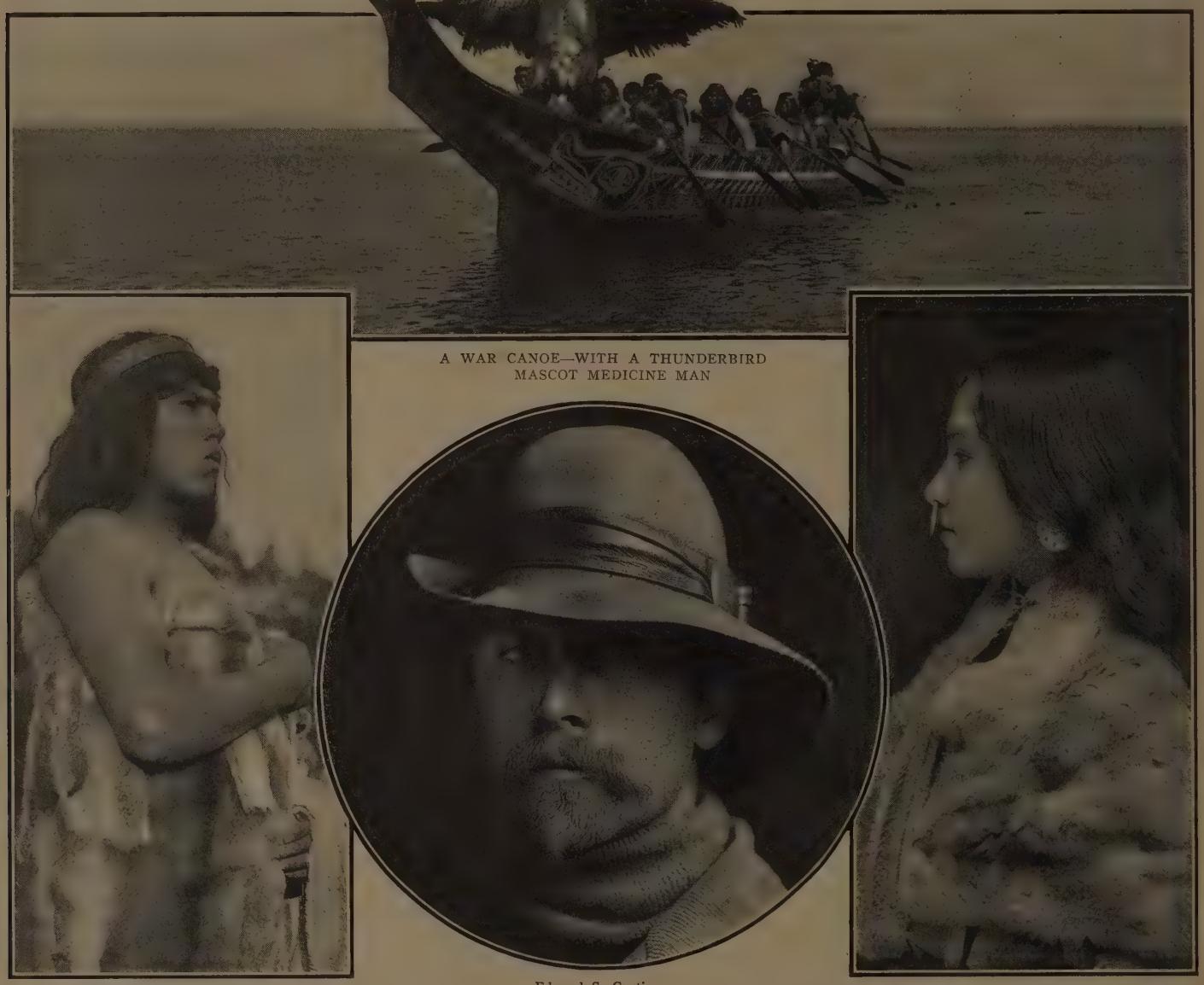
Copyright Vitagraph Co.
NORMA TALMADGE
(Vitagraph Co.)



SCENE IN "STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY," PRODUCED BY THE LUBIN COMPANY

and the doorway, when the door was open, must be brilliant apertures in the blackness, and the moon was to help out the action on the porch, the steps approaching it and the pathway leading to the river. A man was in the branches of a tree at the time, tinkering with the moon—it was the eleventh of the twin arc lights.

she was followed and caught—more scenes in the doorway and moonlight. Her lawyer-lover came snooping around to investigate, and went off to get the police. "Police!" shouted Director Payton, and an automobile that no one had noticed released half a dozen uniformed men, carrying night sticks. They formed in line behind



A WAR CANOE—WITH A THUNDERBIRD MASCOT MEDICINE MAN

Edward S. Curtis

SCENE AND CHARACTERS IN EDWARD S. CURTIS' EPIC INDIAN FILM DRAMA, "IN THE LAND OF THE HEAD HUNTERS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE CASINO

The moon had risen, the lower floor of the Sammis house looked like an annex of inferno, the camera was in place on the embankment rising from the sidewalk across the road, when the automobile load of actors, in their makeup, arrived. Frances Nelson, the pretty heroine, who goes insane, crawled under the lights on the stairway to reach a very cold and dismal upper room, that she might change to a sleeveless gown of thin texture. Afterwards she confided that she never felt the cold when working. Her teeth chattered while she said it. Men smoking cigars in the vicinity of the camera were asked to move back, for fear the smoke would cloud the air, final directions were shouted to the moon-man up in the tree, and the taking of the scenes began. The door opened, and silhouetted against the flaming background was the fragile figure of a girl supposed to be crazed by fright. "Go slowly," cautioned Director Payton, and with little cries of fear, Miss Nelson advanced, her arms bared to the cutting wind. Her passage from the door to the sidewalk consumed a couple of minutes, and then, having registered the necessary emotions, she ran into the outer blackness, beyond the rays of the moon. But the lawyer, followed him to the house, and their immediate usefulness having ended, returned to the car to keep each other warm until called again.

And so, from the middle of one bleak November evening until a few hours before the dawn of the next morning, these players enacted frightful crimes in Edgewater Heights, while the police snoozed in an automobile and the moon-man shivered in a tree. They had cold sandwiches in a cold house at midnight, whereas the non-acting members of the party were eating a chicken supper in Edgewater's leading hotel. If one wants to draw a conclusion, it is simply that physical hardships do not count in the making of motion pictures, and that experimental directors will go to no end of trouble for improved effects.

November brought an unusual number of spectacular productions, and a few in which picturesque qualities, story and acting are well balanced. "Julius Cæsar," made by the Cines Company of Italy, the producers of "Quo Vadis," is handled on a magnificent scale with Antony Novelli, the Vinitius of "Quo Vadis," playing Cæsar in a clearly developed (*Continued on page 39*)

SCENE IN PUCCINI'S OPERA, "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
Showing the large number of properties which the Technical Director is called upon to furnish, and all of which have to be correct

Grand Opera Beyond the Curtain Line

EVERY night is a first night with us," observed Edward Siedle, Technical Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, as he watched a scene "break" in "Koenigskinder." He stood talking of that mysterious realm beyond the footlights, always an enigma to the average operagoer, and he talked entertainingly, too, as a man is apt to do when his work is his hobby. For all that, his restless eyes never for a moment left the busy scene before him. He took stock of every movement of his big army of workmen as they dismantled the stage, preparatory to reassembling the pieces for the next act.

WARD SIEDLE
cal Director of the
olitan Opera House

"It is a strange thing to us beyond the curtain line, to whom the mechanical side of grand opera means so much," went on Mr. Siedle, "that the process of staging an opera is so little understood by the laity. I am sure that the occasional operagoer never considers that side of it. Even the grand opera subscriber, himself a lover of music and attending one or two performances every week of the twenty-four, doesn't fully appreciate it or the difficulties we have to contend with or, finally, the enormous amount of work it is to give these operas with their technical surroundings once or twice a day during the season.

"Just take, for example, an opera of the magnitude of Mozart's "Magic Flute." The audience before the footlights haven't the least comprehension of the number of pieces of enormous dimensions it takes to make up one of those scenes, or of the labor involved taking them down once the performance is over.

"When an opera patron sees a big castle or a rocky pass which looks like the real thing it represents, they little realize that it must be taken down after the performance, rolled up or folded in such shape that it can be loaded into wagons, or put through car doors when the opera goes on tour.

"Most persons see an opera once or possibly twice during the season, although each one is given six times a season. To put them on properly, and that means perfectly, it is easy to see that perfect system must prevail. This is particularly necessary at the Metropolitan Opera House, as everything is stored outside the building. This means that every piece, however small, must be marked and a list kept of the hanging portions. A regular set of books is kept to show the lines where each hanger goes, the act it is used in, how high it hangs from the stage, when it is taken up or down, whether it is a change or whether it works in sight of the audience.

"For every operation in setting the stage or dismantling it there is a crew in charge of a foreman. Apart from the flymen and their assistants, there is a night crew which commence their labors at 12 o'clock at night. Their duty is to carefully take down the hangers, roll them up, always taking care that the numbers on the reverse side are exposed so that they can be placed in their respective racks in one of the storehouses. Another set of men, in charge of a foreman, known as the storehouse crew, packs them away in the daytime.

"Then comes the stage lumber and its crew. This term, lumber, is applied to all platforms, steps or wooden construction necessary to make mountains or floors of houses, staircases, or whatever elevations are required above the stage level. All of these in turn must be taken to pieces afterward, so that they can be easily handled into storehouses or on cars. So, the ordinary platform is made up of many parts, easily fitted together and as rapidly taken apart. Lastly, there is the 'set' stuff, as it is technically called, which means frames covered with painted canvas as maskings for all this lumber and platforms.

"I suppose the 'property' department is most popular with the laity, doubtless because it is better understood than the rest. It is a very important division, too, as will be seen when one takes into consideration the enormous number of properties used in all the operas and the vital importance of each in its turn. Take the matter of floor coverings alone, such as carpets, medallions and stage cloths, for in every scene the stage is covered with a cloth in keeping with the ensemble, and one can compass in a small measure the enormous amount of material there is to be cared for.

"Each scene calls for its own equipment. If it is a garden, then there is earth and grass, benches and marbles to be provided. A street scene calls for paved ways; palaces for tesselated floors; the small parlor for its hard-wood floors and modern rugs and carpets; doors and windows for curtains and draperies; tables for pedestals and bric-a-brac; gardens for trees and flowers and rock scenes for their practical rocks.

"As the scenes of operas are laid in every part of the world, there must be a great variety of settings provided. Not a few illustrate mythological subjects, while others are Oriental in spirit. The properties of each require not only care in the handling, but a lot of research, trouble and expense in the making. These have all to be listed in their plots, showing precisely where they are placed when on the stage. Those not on the stage, but which are brought on during the performance, must also be carefully marked on the plot.

"Then there is the lighting, on which much of the beauty of the opera pictorially depends. Only a person watching a dress rehearsal of the first performance can fully realize the subtle harmonies made possible by this feature, which is in charge of the chief electrician, whose office is one of many anxieties from the moment the curtain rises until it finally descends. Gradations of light, almost impossible to put down in figures, are introduced, so that much of it must of necessity be left to his own intuitive sense, though he carries the score beside

Otto Sarony

EMILY STEVENS
Seen in "The Garden of Paradise," at the Park

him on which is jotted every little change of light and color.

"His troubles are further increased by the fact that the electric bulbs of red, green, blue, yellow and white fade after a certain length of usage, so that the power of light used in one performance may, in three or four weeks time, have to be slightly increased as the lamps burn out or must be decreased as new lamps are substituted. He must make changes from sunset to semi-darkness and then to moonlight, again to early morning and to full light. He accomplishes this by pressing the levers of a huge switchboard controlled by two assistants under the stage.

"Though the audience cannot see him, the chief electrician is able to see the stage, note the changes and signal to his faithful allies below. Beside the diurnal changes of light and shade, he must watch all the transparencies which produce sky and landscape effects or the reflections on a river or from the windows of houses.

"In addition, he has the projected lights, worked from the flies for which he has to signal. These are the wing lights, all of which have to respond with an even degree of accuracy. Even the sudden changes of light such as are caused by a person entering a room with a lamp, candle or torch, must be made to correspond with an increase or decrease of power. The elements, wind, thunder and lightning are also in his care.

"The most mysterious effects produced in grand opera are the result of mechanical devices, of which there are many. These are in charge of the machinist's department and include the electrical contrivance for the lowering or taking up of enormous hangers. It is operated by two men, one who presses the button on the stage, the other to stand beside the machine in the flies to see that it responds, for like all automatic machinery, it is liable to get out of order, and it is impossible to foretell when this may happen. In order to forestall trouble, someone must watch constantly as the machine works.

"On one side the stage is the electrical device that controls the hangers; on the other the system of hand counterweights that raise and lower others. Beneath the stage are three floors where the enormous bridges on the style of our elevator, only fifty feet long and from three to four feet wide, are worked by electric motors. These also must be carefully watched when in use. There are also the hand bridges used in making certain planes on the stage. All this is known as stage lumber.

"Although the engineers' department is less conspicuous, it is nevertheless very important, for it controls the steam and is responsible for the heating and lighting of the building. All of the eight elevators are in the engineer's hands, as are also the steam effects frequently used on the stage to intensify certain scenes depicted.

"To the feminine contingent, the wardrobe department is probably the most interesting. It is an important feature, too, in the business of making grand opera. When you stop to consider the number of separate pieces it takes to make up one costume and then multiply it by five hundred, you may get an idea of the amount of work necessary to costume one opera alone.

"Each day all the garments to be worn by the chorus and others are distributed to the different rooms and are gathered up again after the performance, when they are looked over for repairs and put in good condition again. There is a large dressmaking department, where the costumes are made which is also under the supervision of the wardrobe mistress. All of these various departments are under one head known as the Technical Director and he it is who is responsible and the one blamed when anything goes wrong.

"It is quite impossible to apply any hard and fast rule to conditions behind the scenes in grand opera, for the same conditions never follow one another in the same sequence, and each must be dealt with by itself. To make everything work harmoniously, each department must have a competent head. As may be imagined, the responsibility resting upon anyone of these departments is enormous.

"Take the first scene of "Rheingold" for example, in which the three Rhine daughters are held in suspension by invisible wires for a space of fifteen minutes. They are not only held in suspension but are moved from side to side and up and down. The work of elevating and lowering each one requires four men working in unison. To take them from side to side (*Continued on page 41*)

Photo Lilian George

LILY CAHILL

Appearing as Ethel Cartwright in Roi Cooper Megrue's play, "Under Cover," at the Cort Theatre

Brieux—Playwright and Propagandist

IN the latest Academician to visit us, Eugene Brieux, it may be said that there is a great deal of the business man, more of the scientist and very little of the poet. A brief but sufficient knowledge of his literary output, especially of his work for the theatre, would show him to be endowed in this wise even without seeing the man himself.

But the man Brieux completely corresponds in person to this sententious description. He looks more like a business man, *homme d'affaires,* than either poet or playwright. Indeed, he is a truly Englishman in appearance, floridly colored with light-colored brown hair, rapidly thinning out, pale blue eyes, a well-developed, muscular figure, rising about the average height of the Frenchman of to-day.

That he doesn't speak and very imperfectly comprehends English is a shock, so strongly does he resemble the John Bull who hunts and rides. The resemblance is, however, purely physical. Kind, cheerful, at peace with the world (in the abstract), this extremely modern mind is healthful in its everyday contact with the world.

His personal story bears out whatever deductions of character are to be made by a superficial acquaintance. It is, perhaps, owing to the wholesome but far from extraordinary impression gained by this superficial knowledge, that nearly all the interviews published about him have worn an air so perfunctory. This story is that of an active business career, begun on the Bourse, widened by a journalistic career, rounded out by studies that specialize about the clinic, and plays like "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont," and "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés") should come, it would seem, quite naturally from the conditions of his life. In truth they come from his type of mind and not from conditions outside. He gives out strongly, a sympathetic, human feeling, but it is based on science that is calm and cold, not on science that is spiritual. He does not define man as a "cunning mockery" or a "cast in clay"; he views him as the natural product of fierce shocks of age-long discipline, the outgrowth of cleansing fire and cyclic storms. He sees man as something that has been battered by discipline, fear, doom, into something that at last has shape and use. Even this description of Brieux's idea of the thing we are is more poetic than his mind warrants. Never does this French playwright present an acquaintance with the mysterious nature of man. We need a map to understand this nature. Brieux would like to find it—but unless the map was physical he could not use it. A spiritual map would be of no service to him.

Nevertheless Brieux began his playwriting along conventional French lines. His first dubious essay was a piece *en vers* on the subject of Bernard Palissey. The Academician laughed when he reminded himself of this first play, *inédit,* of course, but it was a tender laugh. Oh, these firstlings of our pen, mis-shapen, unhealthy; how, all the same, we love them! But it was surprising to hear that he started to write in verse, or it would have been if all French authors did not start so. If there is also a thin volume of verse Brieux did not speak of it—but we may be sure one exists somewhere.

From these first unripe fruits to the sociological plays, eighteen in number, which have brought him a wider reputation than mere stage representation of all of them could effect is a tremendous journey. This author is a good traveler, he took it naturally and readily. In him from the start—and this may be gathered from a cursory view of his titles—was the idea that the drama should be a help to the world.

"It is good to amuse people," he said, "and our master Molière knew how to instruct by a laugh. I have only sought to do with modern conditions what this great man and other of our dramatic writers who painted life with an underlying serious purpose did. At first, like all young men, I suppose, I wrote for myself. Indeed, it seemed for a good many years (for I worked among the neglected aspirants for some time) that I should never have any audience but myself. At last, however, I realized that a play which told a social lesson might be heard. M. Antoine proved this to me by listening and producing. The audience did what we hoped they might do—listened, thought, laughed, nodded acquiescence and applauded. There is no longer necessity for an author who has written with a view to correcting a social condition to write and publish a long preface. Plays that are meant to better conditions have as good a chance to be heard as novels with a purpose. Everything depends on the play as it does on the novel."

"Blanchette," produced twenty-two years ago showed what might happen when a girl of the working classes drinks a sip or two from the Pierian spring. Hypocrisy is vividly unmasked in "Monsieur de Reboval"; the corruption of politicians in "L'Engrenage"; the doctrine of heredity is assailed in "L'Evasion"; "La Robe Rouge" shows how justice sometimes errs; "le Résultat de Courses" attacks gambling; "les Remplacantes" discusses the evils of a very French institution, the putting out to nurse of young children, and "Les Avariés" ("Damaged Goods") treads very solidly a dubious physical thicket. Around this play, rather than the others which were generally held to be innocuous, beat a storm of discussion and dispute. It is not yet stilled in France, where if more subjects are admissible in mixed society than here, still a few are tabooed. Our own country has viewed this piece with more justice and has recognized the high and serious lessons inculcated by the author at their true value. This is extremely gratifying to M. Brieux.

"I wrote 'Les Avariés' to do good, not harm," he said. "That it has been received as a moral lesson by Americans pleases me to my soul. For I may truthfully say that if a line of mine could be proved harmful to any young mind I would expunge it. To portray vice for the purpose of filling a theatre is my detestation. I wish not to know the authors who cleverly insinuate it. Please do not think I wish to enshrine myself; on the contrary I feel humble when I see how much remains to be done to make the theatre a help in the world's betterment and how little, even with the best intentions, and hard and earnest work I have done."

What Augier (whom Eugene Brieux acknowledges was his master) says of Labiche may be applied with equal truth to the modern writer. Truth, says Augier, is everywhere in Labiche's work. It is present also in Brieux's. He is before everything a dramatist—which means that it is natural for him to tell his story in action and by the mouths of his personæ. Brieux may be ever so pedagogic or propagandist, but, however much so he is, he is not one or the other at the expense of nature. The same cannot be said of Shaw, who squanders—by carelessness and futility. Brieux incarnates a vice against which he is fulminating in a character, and that preserves his métier inviolate. Now and then he casts over us a fear that he is about to become solemn and didactic. But he is too true a comic poet to overstep the bounds and his vivid and varied knowledge of life and character saves him—and us along with him—from preaching. It could only have been an admirable dramatic author and a man who knew his work who could have kept us quiet while he was putting on "Maternity." Brieux is too clever to pose as a severe and serious artist, one with a long face and a long sermon. Genuine human nature and human feeling gild all the pills he prescribes for us. And having seen and talked with the man it no longer surprises me that he writes like one who is always in a good temper.

About "Maternity" it may be said in passing that the author hopes to see it produced in this country before he returns to France. The same actor who carried "Damaged Goods" to success is in consultation with M. Brieux over this play. Likely, too, are we to see "La Robe Rouge" in an English dress and under an English name

Photo Lilian George

Cordialement
Brieux

"The Soul of a Judge." This play we have seen in New York already in the native French; Réjane played in the piece here. It is one of the best of the modern repertoires of the Comédie Française, where Jeanne Dalvair made a splendid success of the leading rôle.

When there happened to be a spare armchair in the Academy, great and natural but delayed recognition had rewarded M. Brieux for his fidelity to ideals, and the fact that whatever he wrote about he never forgot that men and women *are* men and women. One of his pieces in which he showed the reverse of the medal of adultery was the talk of serious as well as frivolous Paris. The wave of popularity bore him into this spare armchair, where he has sat since completely at his ease.

If one criticised M. Brieux's output on the score of a certain monotony of subject, one would have more or less reason. It is to be remembered, however, that while we are dealing first of all with a dramatist, under the cothurnus he wears the hose of a reformer. "My real work," says Brieux, "is to run the theatre to better the conditions of men and women." Believing that, who would seek to stop him? In the cause of reform we should never permit ourselves to grow listless, and surely there is no reason to grow somnolent under a preacher so lively, so gay, so varied as Brieux. Even while we might counsel him to vary his subjects, we have to admit that we are entertained by his lusty frankness, his jovial ingenuity, his keen sense of the ridiculous, and his insatiable instinct of observation.

White Elsie Ferguson Marguerite Leslie

IN ACT IV OF HUBERT HENRY DAVIES' PLAY, "OUTCAST," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

This man's appearances here as a lecturer have shown the same qualities and the same defects. The subject never changes; whatever the title may be, the theme is "The Theatre as a Means of Social Betterment." But he never records his observations tediously; he is whimsical, he is gay, he is serious, he is profound and he is always entertaining. Already he has given in New York half a dozen talks on his favorite subject, and it is likely that he will double this number before he visits other cities on the same mission. Here is a dramatic author who interests himself to almost the same degree in his plays and propaganda. And whether he has spoken before the fifty citizens who constitute the young American Academy of Arts and Letters, or before his compatriots who are endeavoring to foster a French theatre here, the geniality and earnestness of M. Brieux has been much in evidence.

One of the characteristics of these public conversations—they are delightfully that—is the surprising fluency and fluidity of his speech. No public speaker has visited us recently who was able to say so much, so easily, so rapidly, as M. Brieux. Never a moment's hesitation, never a delayed word. Except for the difference of language and the sort of eloquence this difference engenders, M. Brieux in his public talks might be likened to the late Phillips Brooks. This is quite remarkable, inasmuch as in conversation he is as halting as an Englishman, hesitating, groping for words, eking out with a smile or a gesture his insufficient verbal explanations. Because of this generous ease of bearing and of speech, the propagandist pleases all, including those who know French insufficiently. As a lecturer, this Frenchman is perfectly satisfactory.

Before "Maternity" is given a production on our stage there is to be a revival of "Damaged Goods" for a four-weeks' run. The cast, with the exception of Amelia Gardner, will be practically the same as the original cast in Mr. Bennett's company Grace Elliston returns to it in her original part, and Mrs. Bennett will be seen again as the wife. As this number of THE THEATRE goes to press, rehearsals are going on under the direction of the author, and M. Brieux is therefore seen in another rôle, that of director of his play. The geniality of the man does not freeze under this cooling atmosphere, it is apparent, but he holds his company firmly to their work and does not slight his own. A number of small but very definite details have been restored to the English text from the French original by M. Brieux's secretary, working under his direction, and we are offered the unusual opportunity of seeing a French play in English, transferred from one tongue to the other by the author and produced by him precisely as he sees it in his mind.

To those who stand among the shadows of life, to those who suffer or fight in the hard battles of humanity, to those who feel the cruel irony and mockery of circumstances, this Frenchman brings a tonic. They need bracing, and they cannot be braced by maudlin sympathy or by a flood of fine talk. A strong, cheerful, optimistic personality helps them by example. M. Brieux is an optimist; paradoxically the most pessimistic of his plays proves it, for it is not in mere denunciation that he spends himself. Unsatisfactory are Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw; when we ask them the big questions of life, brought face to face with squalor, poverty and crime, these dramatists are sullenly unhopeful.

In his turn and in his way, M. Brieux has sought to probe the heart of the world's sorrow—and he has probed like a man who stands amid the grime of the actual sacrifice. He gets into the thick of the struggle and shakes hands as a comrade and a champion with those who unjustly suffer.

What we feel first in him is his humanity, undisguised by thick, if vague, layers of spirituality. He is a man and a brother. We turn to him expecting a verdict about things, not a philosophical digression; we turn to him and he hasn't failed us so far—he tells us there is hope.

WILLIS STEELL.

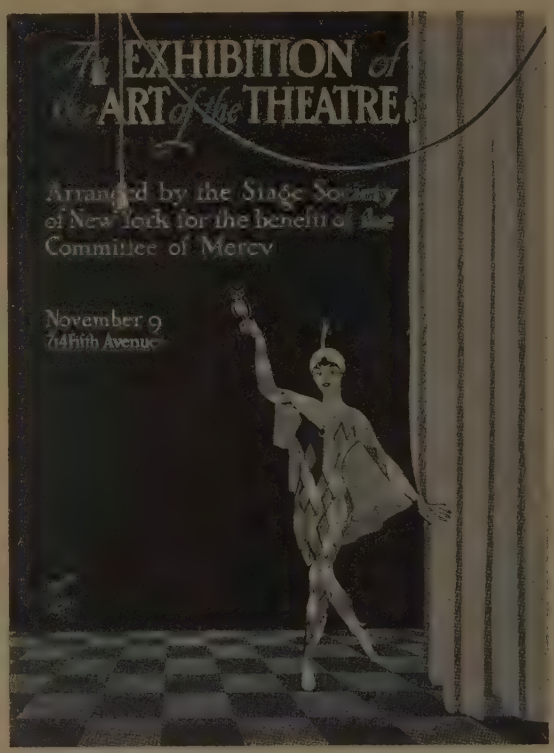
Photo White

KATHLENE MacDONELL AS RUTH STUYVASANT AND JOHN BOWERS AS BILL REID IN "LIFE," THE MAMMOTH MELODRAMA NOW DRAWING CAPACITY AUDIENCES TO THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

The play has eighteen tableaux and seven motion picture interludes, the various scenes including, among others, the Yale-Harvard boat race, the escape from Sing-Sing, a fight on the Mexican border and other strenuous happenings. The hero and heroine are here shown happily united after a heartrending cycle of vicissitudes, which runs the gamut of every thrill known to the stage. These two young players, heretofore practically unknown to the theatrical world, have made a hit this season. There is a natural charm in their work that renders them a very welcome change to the usual stereotyped stage hero and heroine that prevail in most melodramas

America's First Exhibition of the New Stagecraft

FOR a small audience of people to sit for an hour in a rapt, almost religious silence, in front of a miniature proscenium arch, watching nothing more dramatic than light effects, is rather unusual in bustling, busy New York. But during the exhibition given in an empty shop on upper Fifth Avenue of the Art of the Theatre, under the auspices of the Stage Society of New York, the people who went in about four o'clock remained willing prisoners until six, the closing hour.


EXHIBITION of the ART of the THEATRE
Arranged by the Stage Society of New York for the benefit of the Committee of Mercy
November 9
74 Fifth Avenue
POSTER OF THE STAGE ART EXHIBIT

The new stagecraft is no novelty in Europe. Under such producers and artists as Reinhardt, Bakst, Craig, Ernst, Walzer, Roller, and others, the art of imaginative and beautiful scene designing has attained an impetus which a few years ago would have been believed impossible. Fresh from training under Gordon Craig, Sam Hume, a designer of scenery for amateur organizations, near Boston, set out to show America what Europe has already achieved in this direction, and by the time he had raided the collections of friends and garnered the native harvest, he had some three or four hundred interesting prints and twenty-three models to show.

The public was first invited to view the exhibit in a barn-like garret at Cambridge. Round three sides of the room ran the collection of prints. Here were a panel or two of Craig's gray masses, there the flaming barbarities of Bakst, and the less known works of other Russians, in a corner productions by the Moscow Art Theatre. There were also photographs of Max Reinhardt's artists along with those of the Germans of Munich, Duesseldorf and Vienna. Photos and plans of art theatres all over the world were likewise on view. Almost an entire side was devoted to the work done in this country. There were designs and settings from the Little Theatre in Chicago and a panel of brilliant-hued sketches, including richly imagined designs for "The Merchant of Venice," by a young Harvard graduate, Robert E. Jones, lately returned from studying with Max Reinhardt.

The feature of the New York exhibit was the dome of concrete built in a quarter sphere back of the stage, representing the sky and serving as a reflector of diffused light. Everybody enjoyed it, everybody sighed when the exquisite demonstration was over. But that "everybody" did not, at any demonstration, include owners of theatres or producers of plays. This class is proverbially conservative; it moves deliberately; it took a generation to throw less stress on the old-fashioned calcium, and it may take another before owner, manager and producer lose faith in "white and amber mixed." Probably the people who gasped their feelings in a series of random ejaculations saw the "sky dome" for the first time. It is used in the advanced theatres on the other side of the Atlantic, but not in wide use, for European managers have hide-bound qualities of their own—and here the demonstration went the advanced theatres of Europe one better by showing for the first time in public the new color system of a Boston man, Monroe Pevear. This is said to be the first complete standardization of stage color. Mr. Pevear is a chemist, and he prepared the colors and dyes which were used with a marvellous purity and brilliancy. The light is filtered, the rays from the lamps placed on different tiers around the plaster dome, passing through colored plates. As these rays fell on the dead, white background in different combinations, they simulated every condition of atmosphere for every hour of the day, from the darkness that precedes dawn through high noon, to twilight, into moonlight, and thus to the absolute void. It was beautiful—but it was the beauty of Italian skies, not ours.

The Stage Society's exhibition of drawings and models was confined to the work of artists who are in this country, although not invariably of it, for the influence of Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig and other European innovators was seen in their product. Joseph Urban showed models of operas produced at the Boston Opera House; Maxfield Parrish had four sets of "The Tempest" on view, and Stuart Benson, Robert W. Chanler, Howard G. Cushing, Jules Guerin, and Helen Dryden and others exhibited sketches and designs, all rather fantastic and "advanced."

To aid them in their work for the ensuing season, the Stage Society expects the best-known producers as visitors—Gordon Craig, Granville Barker and Professor Reinhardt. The latter famous producer is to put on "Twelfth Night" for the society. The other two will produce each one a play as he is accustomed to doing it at home.

Interesting examples of native work along unconventional lines were the nine or ten models by Mr. Hume himself. Two utilized tall pillars of white, with dark hangings—for all the infinite moods of poetic drama, from an open palace courtyard to a delicately shaded bedroom, this with the mere shifting of the same pillars. In his models, as well as in the exhibition itself, Mr. Hume has shown originality and artistic enterprise.

K. MACGOWAN.

AN ITALIAN GARDEN DESIGNED BY SAM HUME

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES

Photos taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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No. 11: Miss Julia Dean

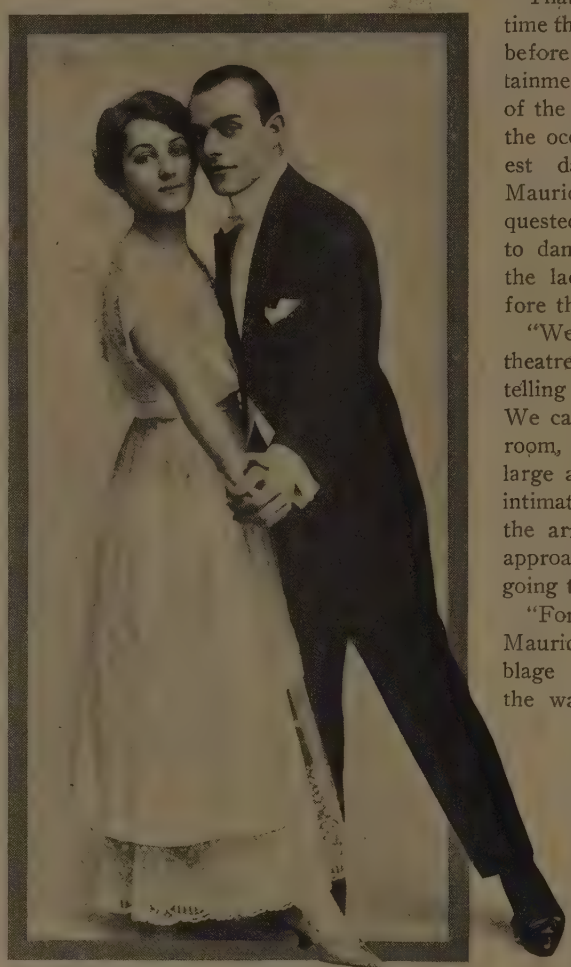
"Chez Maurice"

FIVE years ago a youth of about twenty came to New York with a large contract in his pocket and a desire to conquer America in his heart. He was Maurice Mouvet, a Parisian dancer who was known throughout Europe, who had danced into the favor of kings and princes, and who had waited until his art should be well-nigh perfect before venturing to offer it to America, the cold, the difficult. Paris, who makes darlings of her *artistes* and sets up a little shrine before them, had affectionately called him "Petit Maurice"; for he was a mere boy when Paris first knew him and saw him dance. And so it was as Maurice that he came to New York.

When he arrived, however, he was stunned to discover that his twenty thousand dollar contract was not worth the paper it was written on. In vain he sought his manager, and equally vain was his attempt to secure an engagement. Finally, when he had but a few dollars left in his pocket he conceived a plan.

Deciding that the one place in New York where he could make his appeal was Louis Martin's Café de Paris, he induced the head waiter, with the aid of his last dollar, to make a small clearing in the middle of the floor at sharp twelve o'clock one night. When the hour came the orchestra burst into the wierd strains of the "Apache" music, and Maurice, with a slender French girl for a partner, performed the wild dance on the floor of the great, gay restaurant—the dance that he himself created from his observations of Apache life. It was the first time that New York had seen the Apache dance, and the first that was known of the cabaret outside Paris. Wild applause greeted the dancers, who responded with several other numbers, all unlike anything that New York had ever witnessed before.

That night marked the beginning of a number of things that have since become classics on Broadway, of the Apache dances, of the cabarets. From that night on Louis Martin's establishment began to prosper, and Maurice leaped into the fame that has since brought thousands of American dollars into his pockets and added America to his list of conquests. That night, too, saw the birth of the "dance craze," which has since grown to such proportions that it has obsessed not only New York, but all America and Europe as well.



FLORENCE WALTON AND MAURICE
Who delight New York each evening with their dancing

At about the same time, little Florence Walton graduated from her convent school and came to New York to join the chorus of "The Soul Kiss" company. As a child she had always loved to dance, but her parents had never taken her dancing seriously enough to regard it in the light of a possible career. But the girls at school filled her with tales of New York, where fame and a career were to be had for the asking by a girl of her ability. So for a while she shone unknown in the chorus, until she was given a small solo dance. "The Soul Kiss" expired after its sensational duration, and Florence Walton was seen again in a small solo dance number in "The Pink Lady." Still ambition urged her on. She was dissatisfied with musical comedy dancing because of the lack of opportunity it afforded to show her powers.

One day soon after she was brought to Maurice, whose French partner had suddenly and without warning run away to get married. Maurice was left disconsolate and partnerless, and where was he to find another suitable dancing partner?

Slender, dark-haired Florence, "three-quarter Irish and one-quarter French," inquired timidly if he thought she would do.

"You want to dance with me?" asked Maurice in his simple, boyish manner, looking into her brown eyes.

He danced with her once or twice and found that she followed him beautifully. Two months later they were married.

"And so," says Mrs. Maurice, "I've been following him ever since, and shall do so until the end of my days."

Together they have won many new laurels, the greatest and most important of which was their appearance last summer before the King and Queen of England.

That was an event. It was the first time that two American dancers appeared before British royalties in a solo entertainment. It was at the London home of the Grand Duke Michel of Russia, on the occasion of the début of his youngest daughter, the Countess Torby. Maurice and Miss Walton were requested to appear earlier in the evening to dance for the King and Queen and the ladies-in-waiting of the Court, before the arrival of the other guests.

"We cancelled our engagement at the theatre that night," said Miss Walton in telling the story, "in order to be present. We came early, and waited in the ballroom, a beautifully decorated room, not large and formal, but rather small and intimate. Queen Mary came in first, on the arm of Grand Duke Michel. She approached us and asked if we were going to dance for her.

"For over an hour we danced, just Maurice and I, with the brilliant assemblage seated around the room against the walls. We began with the waltz, the maxixe, and several others, and then Maurice did some of his solo dances, one of which made Queen Mary actually laugh aloud. Then she asked us to do "the American dances," as they are called in England—the turkey-trot, the fox-trot, and the one-step. Her Majesty was pleased with them all. After we had done all these, we were amazed to hear her ask that we do the tango. It is well known that Queen Mary had put the ban on the tango, and forbidden that anyone dance it at any Court function. It is also significant that Queen Mary had never seen the tango danced. That is how every prejudice against the tango was formed—through ignorance. It was the most maligned of dances, and those who heard dreadful reports about it came down hard on it.

"When we finished, Her Majesty clapped her hands enthusiastically, declared it a really beautiful dance, and said she didn't see why people said such dreadful things about it. Later in the evening she herself danced the one-step, and next day every London paper had long accounts of the success of our appearance and the fact that we overcame Her Majesty's prejudice against the tango. One paper even headed the story, 'Tango Ban Lifted.' The following week I received from Their Majesties an exquisite bracelet set with diamonds, with the crown worked out in diamonds and rubies, and Maurice received a scarf pin in the same design."

Maurice spoke of the psychology of war and the dance.

"The Indians, and, in fact, every savage tribe," said he, "dances wildly, madly, before they go to war. Is it not significant, then, that the entire world was in the

(*Continued on page* 38)

White Desmond Kelley Ernest Glendinning
Act II. Elaine—Give me ten minutes and I promise he will be out of the house

Ernest Glendinning Desmond Kelley
Act II. Richard—We must have some love interest in this play

SCENES IN "THE BIG IDEA" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

The Art of Ernest Glendinning

WHEN the curtain rises on the first act of "The Big Idea," even before the figures upon the stage are dimly discernible in the blackness, comes the voice that is instantly recognized by those who are alive to the best things in our theatre as that of Ernest Glendinning. It is a voice which marks its possessor out from every other actor, compelling by its vibrant melodiousness sympathetic reception for whatever Mr. Glendinning has to say. To the range of tone which this highly individual voice is capable of producing, and to the fluid smoothness even in rapidly spoken passages, resulting from long, careful use, Mr. Glendinning adds a power of subtle shading, of expressing the finer nuances or harmonics of feeling such as is almost never observed on the stage except in the work of the greatest players. He is able to regulate and vary the tones of his voice as the virtuoso varies the tones of his violin, and the result is a peculiar charm which defies analysis and which is scarcely to be matched in its kind elsewhere. The voice itself is glorious, but without the skillful use made of it by Mr. Glendinning, it would be worthless as an artistic medium.

White ERNEST GLENDINNING

The question of voice inevitably merges into one of diction, which is not an inherent quality to the same extent as voice, but appears more largely as an acquired characteristic. Here, again, it is Mr. Glendinning's skill and care which lead him to speak with distinctness and fluency, even in very quick *staccato* utterance. With such adept skill does he put his voice through the gamut of possibilities, constantly varying the color and power, that this alone would suffice to hold the attention riveted. In these days, when raucous, slovenly speech is the common practice, it is not to be wondered at that so unaccustomed a pleasure as a beautiful speaking voice should be the cause of endless comment. The charm of Ernest Glendinning is not confined to that single good quality, however. His facial expression is hardly less illuminating, and his gesture and action combine to give a perfect portrait. To select as an illustration a situation where most actors would be idling, realizing that the attention of the audience was elsewhere for the moment, watch the exquisitely modulated facial play of Mr. Glendinning as Richard Howard in the farcical scene in Act II of "The Big Idea," where Byrne is confronted with Miss Foster. The perplexed curiosity, half-amused, half-amazed, the slightly contracted brows and faint smile, is wasted on nearly every spectator, because playgoers do not train themselves to analyze the work they see. Notice also the skillful pantomimic acting in the comparatively long scene in the first act, where Richard Howard holds the stage alone without a word being spoken, as he searches for a way to kill himself without suicide being suspected.

There is perhaps no other actor whom we should care to see from the rise to the final fall of the curtain of a three-act play, yet Mr. Glendinning is absent from the stage for only one very short scene in "The Big Idea," and so entrancing does he make his rôle that Dick finds his happy ending all too soon.

Mr. Glendinning combines all the elements of perfect acting into a whole, and inspires them with an artistic imagination which transmutes from cold type the author's fantasy into a living personality. It is this imaginative, poetizing, artistic instinct perpetually displaying its results in his work that more than any other thing marks him out from the play-idols of the hour and makes him a true artist.

This ability to infuse the spirit of life into a character, thus carrying it far beyond its supposed

(*Continued on page* 38)

Ellen Terry's Niece Upholds the Family Traditions

A STUDY HEAD OF PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY IN ANOTHER POSE

THERE's a line in 'Much Ado About Nothing' that exactly describes Aunt Ellen," said the gifted niece of the celebrated Ellen Terry. "It was written of Beatrice. It tells us that when she was born the stars danced."

"Have you learned much of acting from Ellen Terry?" I asked Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

The distinguished English actress' niece had made her American début at the Liberty a few days before as Shakespeare's Viola. The critics praised her highly, hailing her as upholding the traditions of the famous Terry family, but for some reason the public proved indifferent, and at the end of two weeks the engagement was closed. It was, perhaps, poor managerial policy to present a newcomer in classic repertoire at a moment when the theatrical business is so notoriously bad, but certainly other and more favorable opportunities will present themselves to establish this charming and talented young actress in the favor of the American theatre-going public.

"I think I have," she replied, with the usual English temperateness of speech. "But it has been by the inspiration of her example, rather than by direct tuition. I doubt whether Aunt Ellen could teach much in any other way.

"I first saw her when I was four years old. She was Olivia in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' That memory is—can you understand such vague speech?—a lovely blur. It has no distinctness. I recall that seeing her and hearing her left me warm and happy, that her voice and her laughter haunted me, and that as I was led home I looked proudly at my father because he had so splendid a sister.

"I did not see her often because, you see, I was at school in the country and in Paris until I was sixteen, and she was usually on tour during my vacations. But after I left school—by the way, I wasn't graduated, as you say in this country, because I was always very lazy about my studies and very anxious to begin playing—at fifteen I saw her again on the stage. That was five years ago. It was in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' I forget whether she was Mistress Ford or Mistress Page, but I can never forget her delicious laughter. What most particularly impressed me was the way she read the letter, how she poked fun at Falstaff, and how much real joy she seemed to get out of tricking him. It's odd, but I never analyze a performance; I don't pick it to bits. I remember it as a whole, either as good or bad. That performance of my aunt's in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' I remember as one of the perfect things of this world.

"If I were to attempt to analyze her performances I should say that there are three qualities never absent from any of her portrayals. They are beauty, inspiration and buoyancy. If you have seen her you know she never seems to glide quietly on the stage, or be discovered after several minutes occupancy of it. There isn't a minute that you don't know she is there. She always dances on.

"While I firmly believe that she is an actress of no school nor time, but an inspired player, I doubt not that she learned something of technique through her long association with Sir Henry Irving. One could not be associated with so great a man without learning something from him. Don't you think so?

"I have a little blue enamel ring she gave me and which was given to her by Sir Henry Irving. It once belonged to Mme. Vestris. If I possess a talisman, it is that. Two letters my

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PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY
As Desdemona

aunt wrote me I treasure as priceless possessions. One was written about my Viola. After she had seen me in 'Twelfth Night' she wrote me:

"'Dearest Child: At last I am happy. There is one who will carry forward the traditions of the Terry family on the stage. That one is you.'

"That made me very happy. But what my aunt did for me that helped me most was the advice she gave in a note she wrote me before she sailed for Australia. She said, 'Put a very great deal of beauty into all your work.' At every performance I remember her words and try to obey the command from one whom I consider one of the great artists of all the ages."

"You looked like her when you said that."

"Do you think so?" Miss Terry's usually classic face beamed with a new vivacity. "I am very glad and, of course, proud. But I cannot expect often to suggest my Aunt Ellen. If there were no other reason, you see, she is a comedienne and I a tragedienne. I have played comedy now and then, but not often. I enjoyed playing Viola in 'Twelfth Night.' She is a fine example of normal, radiant girlhood. And I have done Rosalind in 'As You Like It.' But I don't care for Rosalind I don't feel when I am playing comedy as I did on the two occasions when I saw my aunt on the stage. While I did not laugh outwardly, she filled me with an inner chuckle."

"What have your father and mother taught you about acting?"

"Like my Aunt Ellen's, their teaching was indirect. None of the Terrys believe greatly in teaching acting. I had only two rehearsals before my first stage appearance. I went on with them in a small part in 'Henry of Navarre.' I was just thrown on. Their reasoning was that if I could act, I could act without teaching. And they were right. One could not help being an actress in that family. The germ is in us all. I was with my father and mother only for six weeks. But then and in our home life I absorbed from them what might be called the merits and demerits of the old school of acting. I hope I have gained the good points of the romantic and classic style of acting.

"Six weeks after my début I was presented as Viola. I have had the good fortune to be a star all the while except the six weeks I was with father and mother. I was with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree two years. At first I used the name Phyllis Terson. That was from sheer cowardice, also from loyalty to my family. I did not want by the name Terry to draw attention to my crudities and learn from the critics that I was an unworthy daughter of a famous house. I combined the first syllable of my father's name with the last syllable of my mother's. When I had, as you say in America, 'arrived,' I adopted my real name as my stage name, but I still wished to use mother's name.

"What remains for you to do since you have been a star since you were sixteen? Aren't you in the plight of one Alexander?"

"There is Lady Macbeth left. And I hope some one will write a strong, modern play for me."

I told the calm-faced, long-limbed blonde whom George Tyler said, when he first saw her in London, is the "most gloriously beautiful woman in the world," that a clever American actress declined to play Juliet because she thought her an abnormal type. Phyllis Neilson-Terry's English calm nearly forsook her.

"Juliet was a daughter of the South," she said, hastily for her. "Girls mature early in her country. In her country they are old at thirty. She might be abnormal in America, but certainly not in Italy. Besides, she lived in the middle ages when life was more savage and elemental. No, she was a true daughter of her time and country. I love to play her."

"Is your Juliet the traditional one?"

(*Continued on page* 39)

As Viola

Phyllis Neilson-Terry in her London home

Photo Sykes

DORIS DARST

Concert soprano who will make her début in light opera this season

PRIZE PLAYS

IS the offer of a substantial cash prize the best way—or even a good way—to bring an important native drama to the surface? That much mooted question is once more due for argument, if hardly for final settlement. Within a few weeks we shall have seen the winning plays in the competitions instituted by Oliver Morosco and Winthrop Ames, when the most dazzling inducements thus far offered to American writers in such contests were the baits.

In March, 1913, Winthrop Ames, newly successful with his artistic Little Theatre and fresh in memory as director of the ambitious New, offered the sum of $10,000 and the probability of production in New York for the best available American play submitted to him before the fifteenth of the following August. No translations, adaptations or musical comedies were desired, but dramatizations of short stories or novels could be entered if the stage rights had been legally secured; manuscripts were to be signed with pseudonyms only, an accompanying sealed envelope to contain the author's actual name, which the judges would ascertain only after a decision had been reached; no plays that had been offered to Mr. Ames at the Little Theatre or the New would be considered; and the final award was to rest with Mr. Ames, Adolph Klauber, at that time the dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, and Augustus Thomas.

A closer perusal of the prospectus, however, made the offer a little less dazzling than it appeared at first, for if Mr. Ames produced the play the $10,000 was to be "worked off" in advance royalties at the rate of ten per cent. on the gross receipts, after which the author would receive eight per cent. on the gross. However, even with that rebate, no such offer ever had been made in open competition. Then, too, if the successful play were a failure, or even if Mr. Ames concluded not to produce it at all, the author would be sure of his full $10,000. Only the foremost few among contemporary dramatists can command such a guarantee. True, Margaret Anglin paid Henry Arthur Jones $25,000 in all before the first performance of "Lydia Gilmore," which lasted less than a week; but that is something Miss Anglin prefers to forget. To this day, her natural open-handedness suffers a visible contraction when an author speaks the words "advance royalties."

It would be interesting if some of our leading producers would tell us frankly something about the sums of money that go to "profit and loss" in this matter of advance royalties. Charles Frohman is undoubtedly the heaviest spender in that way, though David Belasco "might a tale unfold"—if unfolding anything whatsoever about his business were in Belasco's line. For one thing, it is Mr. Frohman's pride to "control the market," in this country and abroad; and then, too, he and Belasco are more jealous of their managerial good names than some of the younger producers, who, if they have paid an advance on a play, are inclined to give it a trial and "get a run for their money," prestige go hang. Failures are soon forgotten, they argue. Belasco and Frohman, on the other hand, are links with the days of Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer, a school of managers who maintained their theatres and names as guarantees to the public, and it was to their advantage to sacrifice considerable money rather than lose that confidence. When Daly died and his estate was settled, thousands upon thousands of dollars were seen to have gone in worthless stock, so to speak, for among the items that found no purchasers were the rights in plays by Henry Arthur Jones, Hermann, Sudermann, Robert W. Chambers, and other writers of the first rank. In his later years, A. M. Palmer met the problem half-way by trying pieces he thought promising (yet had not absolute confidence in) at what he called "authors' matinées." If the play proved valueless, the prestige of his theatre remained unshaken; if good, he had something for his regular bill. One of the dramas that turned out well was by Robert Benedict and was called "Meadowbrook Farm," and in it several actresses now prominent as adults appeared as children; and another was a dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine," in which Annie Russell was the woeful heroine and which she still talks

Mrs. Hopkins as Columbine

of reviving, because she says her performance in it was the best she has ever given.

Daniel Frohman, director of the last of the old stock companies, used to try plays on Monday mornings. As soon as he had got a successful evening bill under way, which meant no more rehearsals for his actors, he began employing them in tests of plays he thought promising in manuscript. On Friday or Saturday, parts in an unacted piece would be distributed to the players, who probably would be cast for them in a regular production. The actors were not expected to learn the lines or form any definite characterizations, but merely to turn up on Monday morning prepared to read the rôles a little more fluently and meaningly than if they had never seen the words before. Sometimes a few people whose judgment Mr. Frohman cared to hear were asked to these Monday mornings. I remember one at Daly's, when he had moved to that house from the old Lyceum with a company that would be blazoned abroad as "all star" nowadays—Mary Mannering, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Jessie Busley, Cissie Loftus, Elizabeth Tyree, Alison Skipworth, May Robson, Margaret Illington, John Mason, Edward Morgan, William Courtenay, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Jameson Lee Finney, and Mr. and Mrs Charles Walcot. A piece by an unnamed author was semi-acted, the players making their exits and their entrances and speaking the lines with some accompanying gestures. Finally they came to a full stop. "Go on," said Mr. Frohman, seated in the darkened auditorium. Nobody stirred. "Go on," he said again; "we may as well hear the rest of this." Still nobody moved. At last, Mr. Frohman rose from his seat and strode down the aisle. "Go on, I say," he repeated; and his tone was fretful. As he neared the stage, Cissie Loftus stepped down to the footlights. In a small, meek voice she ventured to say: "That's all Mr. Frohman; that's the end of the play." "That's the end——!" Then Mr. Frohman remembered himself, and in his customary calm tone he commanded: "You may hand in your 'scrips and pass out."

Exterior of the New Punch and Judy Theatre on 49th Street

George Alexander, more frank than American managers, admitted not long ago that he had spent about $30,000 in advance royalties on plays he had not in the end thought worthy of production. His testimony on the subject is especially interesting, for no manager now active in this country or England has "discovered" so many dramatists as Sir George, who produced "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when nobody else would have dared to, and who gave their first opportunities to Oscar Wilde, Stephen Phillips, H. V. Esmond, Robert Hichens, Anthony Hope, Justin Huntley McCarthy, and other countrymen of hardly less ability. In speaking of the lost $30,000, he went on to remark: "I do not regret the loss, for other doubtful plays have proved jewels that have repaid me many times over. Thus I don't think I need repent having commissioned Stephen Phillips to write 'Paolo and Francesca' before he had had a single play produced. As for Oscar Wilde, I had the utmost difficulty in getting him to write a modern play at all. At last, after suggesting in vain, I wrote a cheque and pleaded with him to take it on account for the first play he should write, if ever he should write one. He took it hesitatingly; and for a year or so after that I could see him avoiding me nervously. Then, when I had almost forgotten the incident, he suddenly turned up with a full-fledged comedy. It was 'Lady Windermere's Fan'!"

Charles Hopkins as Scaramouche

Winthrop Ames' offer of $10,000 was designed primarily to discover a play worthy to dedicate his new Booth Theatre; but months after that house was in active use he and his assistants were still reading manuscripts. They read one thousand six hundred and forty-six plays before one was decided on for the prize; and almost a full year passed after the date originally announced for the decision before all manuscripts had been faithfully gone over and the award could be made. The winner was Alice Brown, the New England novelist, short-story writer and ex-editor; and nothing of her play has been made known as yet beyond its title, "Children of Earth." The fact that it is "down East" in scene and characters, and that it is her first long piece, though she has written and produced some one-act sketches.

However, though the avalanche of manuscripts was so overpowering and caused almost a year's delay, the Booth Theatre did have a prize play during its initial season. That was "Change," the first work of one J. O. Francis, which had won the prize offered annually by Lord Howard de Walden, for the best play by a Welshman on a Welsh subject. During the last days of the New Theatre, Mr. Ames produced a play that had won a prize, though not of his awarding. "I had little idea of winning the prize when I sent 'The Piper' to the contest got up by the Benson Players at Stratford-on-Avon," said Josephine Preston Peabody, when the New Theatre was about to do her poetic fantasy, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the rôle "created" the summer before by F. R. Benson. "One day I was notified that 'The Piper' was one of seven plays which had been selected from three hundred and fifteen in the world-wide contest

ward Emery as Salamandro and Louise Closser Hale as Mrs. La Bolaro

Mrs. Hopkins as Columbine and Herbert Yost as Alfred Scott

CHARACTERS IN "THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE" RECENTLY AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE

and sent to the Duke of Argyll for final judgment. Quite naturally, my delight knew no bounds when my drama was accepted and I was summoned to Stratford to be present at the production during the annual Shakespearean festival in April. The death of King Edward, however, made it necessary to postpone the play until midsummer."

Oliver Morosco's contest was announced after Mr. Ames's and the conclusion reached before. That may have been because fewer manuscripts had to be read. The circumstances did not make for such wide publicity and the prize was not so tempting. Still, should the play decided on by Mr. Morosco and that rewarded by Mr. Ames prove greatly and equally successful, the authors of the former would be $1,000 better off than the writer of the latter. For, though the sum of $10,000 is more dazzling, Mr. Morosco offered, in addition to $1,500 in advance royalties, $1,000 as a bonus. The winning comedy is called "Lady Eileen"; it was written by Geraldine Bonner and Hutchison Boyd, who both have had plays acted; and it will be produced soon, with Lillian Kemble Cooper in the leading rôle. She is a very young English girl, descended from the Kemble family made famous by John Philip and Fanny Kemble and by Sarah Siddons, and is a daughter of Frank Kemble Cooper, recently in "What Happened at 22" and for some years leading man with Henry Irving, a niece of H. Cooper Cliffe and Charles K. Cooper, and a sister of the beautiful Violet Kemble Cooper, who has been so successful with Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart" and "Happiness." The younger Miss Kemble Cooper has had only a few years' experience on the stage and those in English provincial companies. Mr. Morosco regards her as a "find."

A mention of "Peg o' My Heart" made Mr. Morosco's prize offer additionally tempting. The sound of success is potent. Besides the bonus, the Los Angeles manager announced that he would make the "same terms on production as given to Hartley Manners, author of 'Peg.'" "All I want is a play," Mr. Morosco went on to say, at the time of announcing the contest now concluded. "I make no restrictions as to nationality or professional standing of the author. A comedy is preferred, although I am by no means averse to a good serious play. If there is choice in the matter, next to comedy I would like a farce on a theme that is not shopworn; and next to that, a high-class melodrama, spiced with humanity and free from the bombastic absurdities to which melodramatic writers are prone to yield."

Mr. Morosco's associate judges were to have been Otheman Stevens, of Los Angeles, and Waldemar Young, of San Francisco, both professional dramatic critics; but they withdrew and their places were taken by Richard Barry, a magazine writer, and Elmer Harris, a dramatist.

It is an odd fact that though "Cavaleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci" and many other famous operas have been brought to light through prize contests, no great modern play has been similarly drawn from obscurity. Nor has any American play of even moderate value been discovered in that way, unless one excepts "The Piper," which won an English prize. Many, many years ago, "Metamora" was a popular native drama. Its success, however, was largely due to the opportunity it gave to the tragedian Edwin Forrest. In 1829, when he was only twenty-six years old but already a famous star, Forrest offered a prize of $500 for the best American play, secured William Cullen Bryant and Fitz-greene Halleck to act with him as judges, and induced James Augustus Stone, among others, to compete. Stone was manager of a Philadelphia theatre called the Tivoli, between Fifth and Sixth Streets on Locust, then called Prune Street. "It should be an American play," said Forrest to Stone, in a conversation he saw fit to record. "We have a young, but a great country, sir, with glorious traditions. There is, for example, the Indian. By George, that's the idea! Make me a chieftain! The air is full of the romance of the Indian. Go at him!"

Forrest produced "Metamora" in 1830 and continued to act in it till the end of his career. There may be one or two other instances of greatly popular plays being brought to light through prize; but if so, they are in the dim and shadowy past.

"That anything remarkable ever emerges from these play-competitions," "Alan Dale" the other day, "is exceedingly uncertain. I can recall but one fairly good play, during my siege with dramatic work, that ever resulted from a contest. It was not an epoch-maker, and if I mentioned its name to-day—which I won't do—not one reader in a thousand would remember it. It was produced with slight success. Its value lay in the fact that it was the forerunner of better plays from the same author—a lady. You see, in play contests the only judges worth having are the general public, and the general public judges only after the prize has been awarded. In these contests, the judges seem to be the weak spot. They are, as a rule, not selected because they know the public taste. They know what they think the public taste should be, if the public taste happened to be the same as theirs."

The play the critic speaks of was by Martha Morton. It was called "The Merchant," and with it she won a prize offered by a New York newspaper. It was produced more than twenty years ago, at the Union Square Theatre and was soon forgotten; but it brought Miss Morton before the public and the managers. Years later, after her other plays written for William H. Crane had established her among successful dramatists, she entered another piece in a contest instituted by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE and carried off the prize, the reward being a public matinée of the successful entry. This was (*Continued on page 40*)

Photo Hill

RUTH SHEPLEY
Playing Mary Grayson in "It Pays to Advertise"

Maurice, the exponent of Modern Dancing says: "I would not run my automobile without tires and I don't propose to walk around without O'Sullivan's Heels."
O'Sullivan's Heels are made of new *live* rubber —rubber with all the spring in it—and are worn by successful people everywhere.
Ask your bootmaker to attach them 50c. complete

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"CHEZ MAURICE"

(*Continued from page* 30)

throes of the dance just before the present war broke out, that has plunged the world in mourning?"

"Ah, but it is a good thing that America is dancing more than ever," broke in Miss Walton. "The dance is what is keeping up the spirits of the nation. You cannot be sad when you're dancing. You must be happy. You must throw off all cares, all worries, all unhappiness. America would certainly fall into a dreadful depression if it should stop dancing now. Business, society, finance, everything would slump if the gay spirit of the dance did not keep up the spirits of the people in this unhappy time when such misery exists in Europe. Therefore we of the dancing profession should strain ourselves to keep the dance alive, by continually creating new dances."

One glimpse into "Chez Maurice," the beautiful dansante restaurant owned by Maurice and his wife, where they appear every night, certainly dispels every fear that the dance in New York is on the wane. From ten-thirty until two in the morning, the softly shaded lights gleam on gay and well dressed throngs, and the Bakst decorated walls echo the happy laughter, the soft music, and the rythmical tapping of slippered feet, while Sphynx-like waiters glide about, serving dainty dishes and pouring wines.

A most democratic place is "Chez Maurice," where the bright stars as well as the lesser lights of the theatrical profession mingle with those pillars of society whose names represent millions of dollars, and an unbroken line of aristocratic ancestry. But all are happy here. As Miss Walton puts it: "You cannot be sad when you're dancing. You must be happy."

YETTA D. GEFFEN.

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The Art of Ernest Glendinning

(*Continued from page* 31)

limits was admirably illustrated by Mr. Glendinning's playing of Louvois, the young French soldier, in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's two-act tragedy, "Mercedes," at a recent benefit performance in Boston. The play was familiar to readers, though it had not been produced in many years. Quiet at first, with melancholy musing, Mr. Glendinning later rose to his scene with Mercedes with a spirited vigor that gave an illusory warmth of reality which could scarcely be suspected in the part from reading it.

His Pierrot in "Prunella" was a piece of acting to be treasured always in the memory. With lithe, graceful body, slightly swaying, appropriate gesture, extraordinary pantomimic skill, and voice tremulous with the overtones of pathetic emotion, egoistic, tender, gay or sad, always naïve, an actor admirably suited to the lyrical style of poetic drama was for the first time disclosed. And this was the same man who played the perplexed husband in "Baby Mine" with no less finesse!

Mr. Glendinning is able to adapt himself perfectly to whatever surroundings he is placed in, and at the same time to surpass his fellow-players who confine themselves to a single type. He has demonstrated his ability unfailing whether in farce, fantasy, tragedy, or modern drama. He has proved his power to hold complete command over his audiences. In his present play of quickly shifting moods, his friend says: "You talk as though you were going to kill yourself." The audience never fails to burst into laughter for some inscrutable reason, but the hilarity is instantly checked by the masterful, quiet assurance, "I am."

Mr. Glendinning does not strain after effects and then leave gaps between his climaxes. He is constantly scoring by never dropping out of his character, but keeping his points in a continual smooth stream. It would be difficult to appreciate adequately the apparent insouciance, the artlessness of his performance in "The Big Idea," but repeated visits to the theatre prove illuminating in displaying the care with which the rôle has been worked out to the most minute detail.

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Gladys (playing the piano)—Dear me, I am always wishing to break into song.

Muriel—You wouldn't have to break in, dear, if you could find the key.—*Judge*.

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Ellen Terry's Niece

(Continued from page 33)

"No, they tell me there is nothing traditional about my performance. But I do not know wherein it differs."

"Your balcony and potion scenes? Are they different?"

"My potion scene they tell me is my best work. But I do not know how it is different from the portrayals of the Juliets who have gone before me. I can act but I'm afraid I cannot talk well.

"I am glad to be in America and will it surprise you when I say I am not afraid? I do not feel as though I were in a strange country and among a strange people. Americans have been so sweet to all my family that I believe they will be good to me, and I hope they will like me."

"Why did you not come to us sooner?"

"Because I wanted first to get my British public. I wanted to acquire playgoing friends in my own country."

"Miss Terry is one of the human sunbeams. Has she taught you to extract all the joy there is from life?"

The niece of Ellen and the daughter of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson flung back her head and laughed.

"I did not need to be taught that," she said. Her chuckle was an outward one. "I would do that on my own." ADA PATTERSON.

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IN FILMLAND

(Continued from page 20)

story that adheres to historical facts. It is claimed that a miniature city of Rome, covering six square blocks, was constructed especially for this production, and in view of the impressive results this is easily credited. Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon, the engagement between his legions and those of Pompey and the Dictator's triumphal march through Rome, are scenes in accord with the best traditions of Italian producers, past masters in the art of creating mammoth photoplay spectacles. If "Julius Caesar" had come before "Quo Vadis," instead of several years later, it probably would have caused an equal stir.

Three scenically elaborate American productions are "The Rose of the Rancho," adapted from the play by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully; "Salomy Jane," prepared by the California Motion Picture Company from Paul Armstrong's version of a Bret Harte romance, and "The Bargain," made by Thomas H. Ince in the Arizona canyon. There are few points of similarity between the three films, beyond a superior scenic quality which may be claimed for each. "The Rose of the Rancho" is a satisfying photoplay in regard to story and acting, whereas there is no escaping the charm of the mission gardens and the haciendas of the California of 1850. Bessie Barriscale is delightful in her playing of the haughty Juanita. The first appeal of "Salomy Jane" no doubt will be found in the wealth of glorious scenery, whereas "The Bargain" should be appreciated by those with a taste for Western melodrama on a magnified scale.

In the realm of photoplay burlesque, Mack Sennett, of the Keystone Company, accomplished what has heretofore been considered out of the question by keeping rapid action at a high pitch through six reels winding up in a whirlwind finish. Not the least of the surprises in this picture, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," is Marie Dressler's unqualified success in her first experience before the camera. The character is similar to her Tillie in "Tillie's Nightmare." Assisting Miss Dressler are two of the most effective eccentric comedians in pictures, Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand. Higher comedy, in which the characters are genuine types, is found in the Famous Players' excellent production of George Ade's, "The County Chairman," presenting Maclyn Arbuckle as Jim Hackler. John Barrymore gets a fair amount of humor out of the rôle of Fitzhew in "The Man from Mexico." another Famous Players' picture and Mary Pickford is pleasing, as usual, in a pretty romance of stage life, "Behind the Scenes." Second to "The Rose of the Rancho," but a creditable picture, none the less, is Lasky's adaptation of "The Man from Home." One of the finest pieces of acting offered in any recent production is given by Clara Kimball Young in "Lola," made by the World Film Corporation. Among important films not released at this writing is Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty." LYNDE DENIG.

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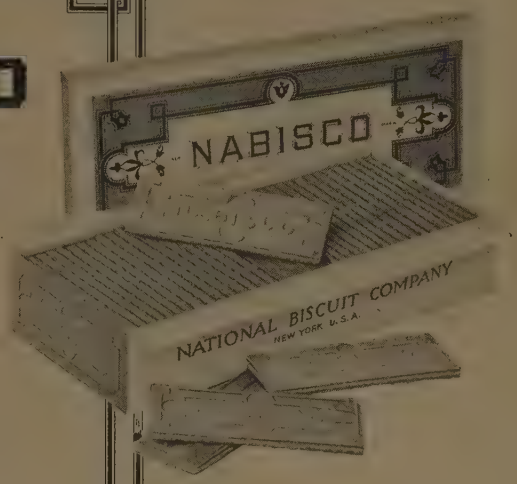

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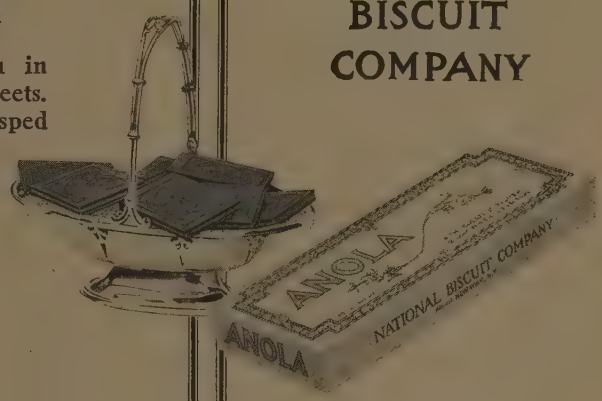

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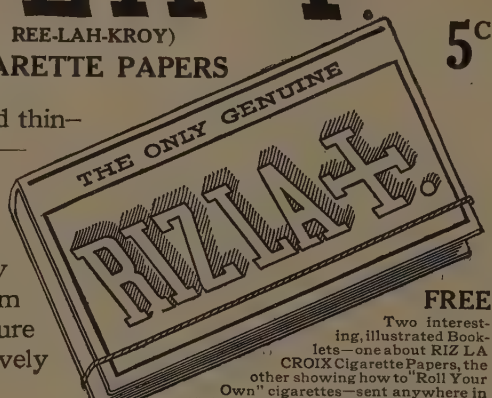

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PRIZE PLAYS

(*Continued from page 36*)

duly given, February 8, 1904, at the Criterion Theatre.

The stock company prize-play contest idea has been lifted to its highest plane by John Craig, actor-manager of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Every year he gives a prize of $500 and a production by his popular company in reward for the best play written by a Harvard or Radcliffe student. This makes his troupe greatly interesting to the college element and dignifies it by association with Professor George Pierce Baker, whose classes in play making promise such good results. One of the winning dramas, "The End of the Bridge," proved so popular when put on at the Castle Square that it ran for more than a hundred nights, though one or two weeks is the customary limit there; and, after a long engagement in Mr. Craig's house, "Believe Me, Xantippe!" another winner, was deemed good enough for a hearing on Broadway, though it cannot be said that its Boston success was repeated. That farce was by John Frederick Ballard, who is about to have his second play produced by David Belasco; but Radcliffe has almost always carried off the prize. This doubtless is annoying to Harvard, whose students are apt to look on the co-eds with the disdain fostered by the Lampoon; but Professor Baker has declared more than once that the average woman has decidedly more dramatic instinct than the average man.

John Craig agrees with Professor Baker on that point. "I do not say it to be gallant," protests the hero of many a fiction deed of daring for a lady fair; "no, it is no mere gallantry. It is the truth. The plays submitted by the girls in these contests seem to all of us superior to those that come from the men. In the contest won by Florence Lincoln with 'The End of the Bridge' for instance, twenty-one dramas were submitted, of which five bore the names of feminine sponsors. In the lot were two blank verse tragedies: don't laugh—one of them was extremely good and barely escaped the prize. Farces predominated; and there was one play of the far West. One very good comedy impressed us; but it was too slight. I expect to have it amplified and produce it later." He is enthusiastic in his belief in Professor Baker. "I will say this," he went on. "The plays written by those who have been longest in Professor Baker's courses seem to be the best. The young playwrights recognize the virtue of small casts. Also, they show a better sense of dramatic values, an abler handling of story, and the dialogue is less diffuse. The results of these contests have led me to hope strongly that real playwrights are to come from our colleges."

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A Parsifal Number by Whitehill. Parsifal—*Amfortas' Gebet, "Mein Vater!" Act III.*

This pitiful appeal of the wounded Amfortas occurs in the Temple Scene of Act III. Gurnemanz has eagerly brought Parsifal to the Temple in the hope that he will prove to be the long expected redeemer of the sins of the Grail brotherhood.

Alda Sings the Solitude, d'Offoel-Rubinstein.

This is a vocal version of Rubinstein's lovely "Melody in F."

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The most admired of the number in Offenbach's fantastic and delightful opera is, of course, the dreamy and beautiful Barcarolle, Belle Nuit.

The Second Braslau Record. Thy Beaming Eyes, Gardner-MacDowell.

Another German Folk-Song by Gluck and Reimers. Der Jäger lang dem Weiher ging, arr. Wilhelm Berger.

Destinn Sings. Aida—*O patria mia, Act III,* Verdi.

A Hungarian Dance by Elman—Brahms-Joachim.

This is a well-known arrangement of one of Brahms' Hungarian Dances for the violin, by Dr. Joachim.

A Couperin Gem by Paderewski. Le Carillon de Cythère.

This famous composer of the seventeenth century was born on November 10, 1668, near Paris, his father being a French organist.

Advt.

Opera Beyond the Curtain Line

(Continued from page 22)

requires two men. To assist overhead requires two more, that is, eight for each artist, making in all twenty-four men for this particular scene.

"These men receive their orders as to the precise note on which the move shall be made from the technical director, who in turn gets his cue from the assistant conductor. That there shall be no mistake made is vitally important, else the lives of the artists would be in danger.

"One of the dangerous moments is when, at a certain passage in the score, a bridge is placed so that Alberich can cross from rock to rock. This bridge must be quickly placed and as quickly withdrawn, in order to allow the men who are working the Rhine maidens to pass, after Alberich has reached the Rhine rock.

A moment afterwards the rocks pass into the cellar and the Rhine maidens have to be quickly drawn to one side of the stage while the scene changes.

"During this change an enormous girder, 52 feet long, suspended by two wires, slowly descends through the stage, carrying the gauze and maskings of the scene. During this interim the scene is changed and the stage closes up. This transformation is made in three minutes, and during the interval there are seventy men assisting, each one attending to his own individual task.

"If we were rehearsing the same opera day after day all this would not appear in the light of such a marvellous task, but since it is done only once or twice during the season, the difficulties become apparent. In 'Gotterdammerung' almost as difficult to stage as 'Parsifal,' with all its panoramas moving at the same time and the scene changing in sight of the public, is another scene which parallels that in 'Rheingold' for technical difficulties. It, too, is given but once or twice during the season, so that, as a result, each performance is as nerve-racking as the first production of a big spectacular piece in an ordinary theatre, but lacking the number of rehearsals which in such a case are possible.

"Even a comic opera has at least six weeks of preparation with a final week or two for stage rehearsals, but such a thing is manifestly impossible at the Metropolitan Opera House. The company only arrives a few weeks before the season opens, and by the time each opera is rehearsed a few times, the opening night arrives. After that follows the routine I have attempted to describe.

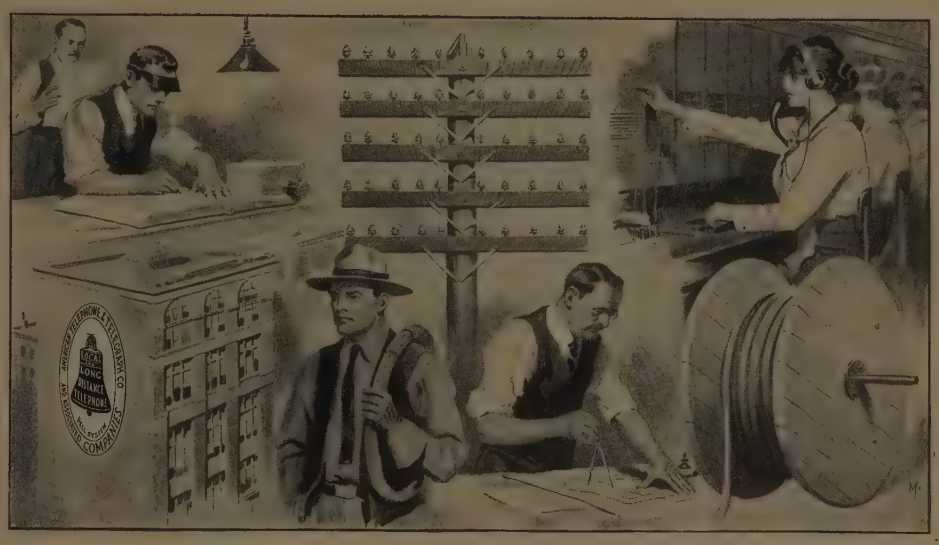
"The operation of stage animals come under the head of the stage director, and the ingenuity shown is worthy of special note. When an opera patron watches one of the gorgeous stage animals, he is fascinated perhaps and may wonder a bit how they are constructed and manipulated, but, generally speaking, he accepts them as he does everything else about opera production, without question, though they are worthy special study.

"To make the dragon in 'Siegfried' possible, two men in turn act as the front and hind legs of the creature and control the working of the mouth, eyes and ears. Two more are required to handle the wires which lower and elevate the head, beside the electrician who watches the lights in the eyes, the one who controls the vapor and steam proceeding from the dragon's nostrils, and lastly the conductor, who has to watch the score carefully, so as to give the cue for the various movements of the dragon. The technical director himself attends to the side movements of the head.

"The bear in 'Siegfried' is worked by the property man. In 'Koenigskinder' the geese are real, and must be cared for when not on duty in a room of their own. Every day their wants are attended to, their bath kept clean. Though used but six times during the opera season, these aristocratic birds live on the fat of the land. There is one property goose that takes the crown away and later brings it back again, and this is operated by the property man.

"'Lohengrin' has its swans, 'Rheingold' its small dragon, 'The Magic Flute' its enormous elephant with howdah and Oriental draperies. While these are but minor illustrations of the inventive genius necessary to produce grand opera, they give some small idea of the tremendous responsibility resting on the heads of departments beyond the curtain line, the infinite attention to detail necessary, and the enormous labor, both mental and physical, required to give grand opera patrons the series of perfect stage pictures for which they pay and which they have a right to demand."

MERCY GORHAM.



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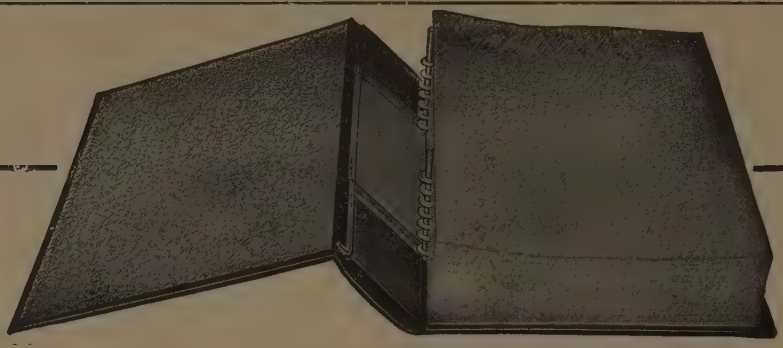

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AT THE OPERA

(*Continued from page 17*)

time on any professional stage an American basso, Arthur Middleton, who sang the Herald in "Lohengrin." In quality this is a remarkable voice for its beauty, and in this particular rôle he sounded like a high baritone, while his reputation for vocal depth is great.

Finally there remains to be mentioned a young Belgian contralto, or mezzo-soprano, Mme. Raymonde Delaunois, who came from out of the war zone, and made her début here in the part of Theodore in "Boris Godunoff." She is excessively pretty, piquant in type of beauty, acts with considerable show of routine and sings well—although it remains for future appearances to show what her real vocal abilities are, since this part does not offer opportunities that are a fair test.

So much for the newcomers. As for the familiar artists, let it be admitted that with one or two exceptions, they have never before been in such wonderful voice, using that word collectively. The chief reason is that the war has precluded or curtailed concert engagements that are the ruination of most opera singers' "throats" and are recorded in their singing at the beginning of an opera season. This year the Metropolitan artists have been free from that curse of indisposition—all except a very few. Caruso has never sung as he is singing this year. His voice is more beautiful—not more metallic and more "ringing," but each tone is charged with greater beauty with a richer complement of "overtones" or "harmonics," as the doctors of music diagnose the beauties of a voice.

Ober, while a bit indisposed with a slight cold, has never poured forth such luscious tones. Hempel has been singing supremely well: Destinn has again that rare combination of beauty of tone and dramatic force, and Gadski has sung an Isolde that was unusual for its appeal.

Martinelli, young Italian tenor, who failed last season to make a very deep impression, is this year coming into his own, for he sang a Rhadames, in an "Aida" performance, that was really beautiful. Scotti is in better voice than he has been for years. Matzenauer sang a Kundry in "Parsifal" that was amazing in its dramatic bigness and compelling in its tender, seductive moments. Amato is in good voice—and so through the list.

Toscanini, the peer of conductors, is in the happiest mood—his work being nothing short of monumental and—well, let me be outspoken and tell you that it is my humble belief that the appalling, unthinkable state of affairs in Europe has drawn these children—artists were ever children—into a closer harmony. Petty spites and silly cabals have nearly all given way to something bigger, namely the call of Art.

So much for opera. The concert room has been crowded with offerings great, fair and indifferent. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has again visited us to the tune of four concerts. Dr. Muck first showed his intense patriotic feeling by leading this superb orchestra in first an all German program (just to show, it is to be presumed, that there is no ill feeling), and later in a succession of programs that surely cast no credit on him as a program maker, while the playing of the orchestra was superb. Walter Damrosch conducted his New York Symphony Society in a number of concerts at one of which Harold Bauer played the neglected and ungrateful Brahms D minor piano concerto with great seriousness of purpose. Bauer also gave two very admirable recitals. Carl Friedberg, a German pianist, played fairly well but not phenomenally so; Zimbalist played; a lot of others sang. Europe's horde of music makers is upon us; may our ears withstand their artistic bombardings until spring!

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Books Received

THE SOUL OF PARIS. By William J. Guard. Random notes of an American newspaper man during the war of 1914.

FOUR PLAYS OF THE FREE THEATRE. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

THE YELLOW TICKET. By Victoria Morton; founded on the play by Michael Morton. Illustrated. New York: H. K. Fly Company.

THE LITTLE STRAW WIFE. By Margaret Belle Houston. Illustrated. New York: H. K. Fly Company.

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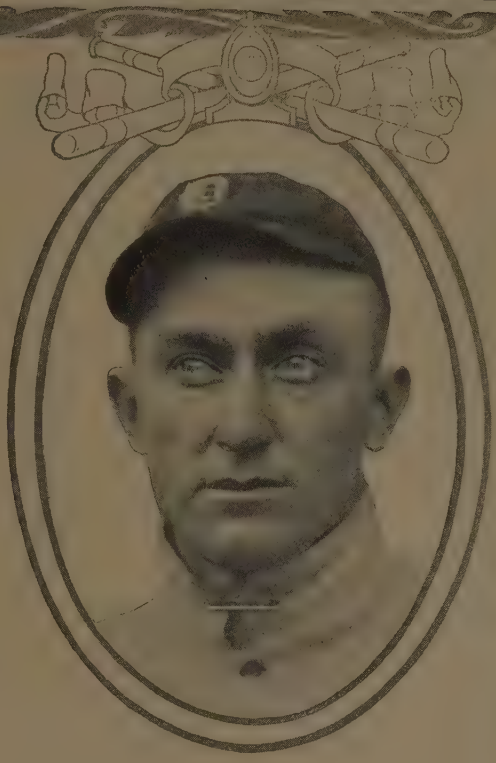

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THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page 9*)

true to the life it pictures that it grips. A woman keeps a shop, in front of her living room, in one of London's mean streets. She is preparing to go out to some cheap entertainment with a man of her own class, who had brought her a ring, and before whom she sets drink. He goes out to get the tickets which he had left at home. The woman's husband, a marine engineer, returns unexpectedly, and after the first affectionate greeting he becomes suspicious of her finery and the glass of grog on the table. An English gentleman in dress suit seeks shelter from the fog. The returned husband charges him with being his wife's lover, and, after a struggle, leaves him behind the screen strangled, dead. The real lover returns with the tickets. The husband leaves, locking the door on the man and the woman, saying that he will bring the police, and that they will have to answer for the murder.

Mr. George Ade's little play, "Nettie," furnishes good satirical comedy. It deals with a young woman who is clever enough to deceive three different admirers.

"Across the Border," by Beulah M. Dix, partly allegorical, is a realistic and highly imaginative arraignment of the folly, cruelty and horror of war. We must content ourselves with only a brief suggestive account of it. It is in four scenes. A Lieutenant, at the front, volunteers in an emergency to get through the enemy's lines alone. Recurrent shots indicate fighting and danger. Wounded are being brought into the hut for surgical attention. We next see the Lieutenant in what is described as the "Place of Quiet," the interior of a farm house, where he is detained from his mission, seeking a horse. The Master of the House bids him be seated and begins to question him about war, its injustice and cruelties, and he takes him, in a succeeding scene, to the "Place of Winds," where he makes the Lieutenant see, in the distance or through an opening in a cave, the horrors of war. The Lieutenant promises to return to the world and persuade his fellow soldiers to peace. These two fantastic scenes are really what the Lieutenant dreams in his delirium while lying wounded on his cot. In the fourth scene, a Field Hospital, he dies, powerless from his weakness to make his fellows listen to him. The play, of which we are able to give only an outline, is impressive and worthy. Mr. Blinn, a director of ideas, has well justified his management with this bill.

CENTURY OPERA HOUSE. "PILATE'S DAUGHTER." Miracle play in five acts by Francis L. Kenzel. Incidental music by Paul M. Paulsen and Jos. Carl. Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Claudia Proclea, Marion Barney; Claudia, Pilate's Daughter (First Act) Violet de Biccari; Claudia Pilate's Daughter (Acts 2, 3, 4 and 5), Constance Molineaux; Livia, Josephine Hammer; Maxima, Julie Dillon; Leah, Sara Biala; Rebecca, Agnes Mapes; Iris, Amelia Barleon; Appia, Zita Rieth; Lygia, Sylvia Radcliffe; Ghost I, Nina Derby; Ghost II, Carolyn Quincy; Ghost III, Rosamonde Carroll; Afra, Margaret Vryling; Rubia, Ethel Gray; Servia, Eleanor Russell; Stella, Nina Derby; Faustina, Julie Dillon; Tullia, Carolyn Quincy; Antonia, Zita Rieth; Syra, Josephine Hammer; Nemis, Sylvia Radcliffe; Albia, Pauline Merriam; Agrippina, Marion Barney; Rufilla, Amelia Barleon; Premiere Danseuse, Domina Marini.

"Pilate's Daughter" is a play that will not engage to any great extent, we imagine, the more or less profane audiences that gather at the theatre. The production is unique in that it is written by a priest, with absolutely sincere purpose, and acted by women exclusively. The circumstances mentioned, however, do not preclude spectacular production and a certain amount of allowable theatricalism. It has been staged by Bartley Cushing, who has brought to bear all the resources of the stage which can be employed in a religious play in which localities, character and costumes tend toward the picturesque.

EMPIRE. "DRIVEN." Comedy in four acts by E. Temple Thurston. Produced on December 14th with this cast

J. H. Staffurth, M.P., Charles Bryant; Captain Furness, Leslie Faber; Sir William Medlicott, M.D., Lumsden Hare; A. F. Maudslay, M.D., T. W. Percyval; Passby-Evans, M.S., Arthur Greenaway; Usher, Fred Goodwins; Diana Staffurth, Alexandra Carlisle; Barbara Staffurth, Haidee Wright; Holton, Rita Otway.

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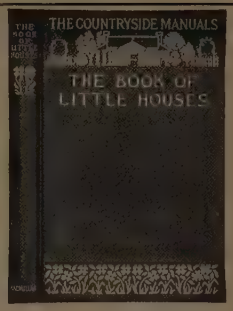

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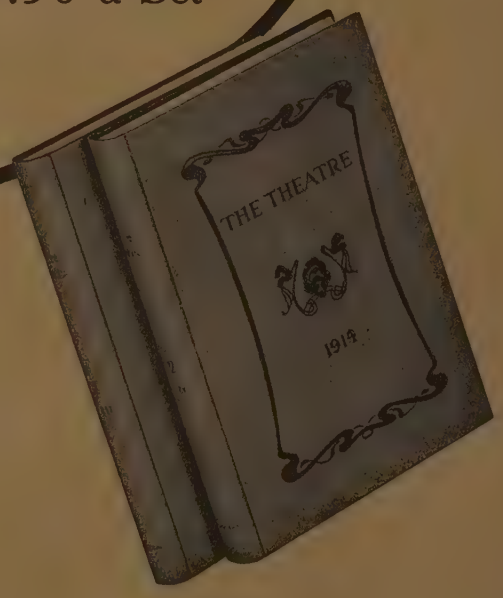

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shall be hers for that time. Fate throws her into the society of Captain Furness. Her own dignity and the man's selfishness, when he learns of the brief span of life allotted to her, frustrate an elopement just in the nick of time, and a reconciliation is brought about when it is learned that she is cured and that her husband will be more considerate in the future. His first evidence of good faith is the presentation of a Pekinese puppy, which his wife has casually remarked she'd like to have. The puppy was a great success and brought the final curtain down to genuine applause. But why mention him in the program and spoil the piece of one of its best surprises?

Alexandra Carlisle as Barbara a rôle she played with marked success in London, more than duplicated her success here. The woman's fortitude of soul, youthful enthusiasm, feminine dignity and emotional contrition were moods expressed with brilliant, artistic detail and impressive personal charm.

PARK. "The Garden of Paradise." Play in nine scenes by Edward Sheldon based on Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid." Music arranged by Arthur Farwell. Produced on November 28th with this cast:

Merman Emperor, Littledale Power; Empress Dowager, Jessie Villars; Princess Thora, Minnie Terry; Princess Lona, Phyllis Thatcher; Princess Swanhild, Emily Stevens; Emperor of the Crabs, Lionel Braham; Turtle Rajah, Sheridan Block; Prince of the Jellyfish, Harmon Cheshire; Captain of the Guards, Murray Kinnell; Chief Cook, John Rogers; Master of Ceremonies, Clarence Felter; The Sea Witch, Blanche Walsh; King of the Blue Mountains, George Relph; Lord Otho, Asheton Tonge; Valentine, W. W. Gear; Rinaldo, Frank Conroy; Sebastian, Albert Barrett; Roland, Bennett Kilpack; Captain of the Royal Ship, Hugh McCrae; John, Richard Hale; Christian, Maurice Robinson; Eric Clifford L. Walker; Queen of the Southland, Renee Kelly; Grand Vizier, Harry Neville.

Imaginary life with human attributes beneath the water, in sea or lake, belongs to the oldest of fables. Long ago it found its way from story to stage, notably in "Undine." It is susceptible of poetic treatment, and Mr. Edward Sheldon's use of Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid" is of good literary quality. The dramatic quality is not so strong, and in this respect the production was unsatisfying, for the spectacular features, so new, daring and effective, were not enough in themselves to hold the interest. The simple story of the mermaid longing to know of life above the waters involved infinite spectacular novelty and detail, all made possible by the scenic genius of Joseph Urban. The mise-en-scène, the mechanical and artistic means by which the effects were produced are beyond praise, but there was too much of it. The play was crushed under the weight of the scenery. The piece, probably for this reason, failed to attract large audiences and the engagement at the Park Theatre was brief.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Debutante." Operetta in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert, book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith; ensemble by Allen K. Foster. Produced on December 7th with this cast:

Spencer Cavendish, Sylvia Jason; An Old Sailor, Cyril Smith; Bo'sun, Thomas Reynolds; The Cook, J. Abbott Worthley; Lieut. Sheridan, Robert G. Pitkin; Mildred, Dolly Alwin; Annabel, Peggy Parker; Mrs. Zenobia Bunker, Maude Odell; Ezra Bunker, Will West; Godfrey Frazer, William Danforth; Wiggins, Jack Hall; Elaine, Hazel Dawn; Armand, Stewart Baird; Philip Frazer, Alan Mudie; Irma, Zoe Barnett; Testlavitz, Theodore Heinroth.

"The Débutante" concerns the fortunes of Elaine, the fair daughter of Sir Francis Vane. Engaged to Philip Frazer, son of an American millionaire, she becomes piqued at his apparent interest in a Russian dancer, and so carries on a violent flirtation with the Marquis de Frontenac to re-stimulate his interest. She succeeds after going to Paris as an opera singer; to which hospitable city all hands repair and where, in Paul Masson's studio, everyone contributes his or her little specialty. Hazel Dawn is very fair to look upon, occupies her full share of the centre of the stage, sings often and plays the violin. Stewart Baird and Wilmuth Merkyl as the young men, have excellent voices, and the former as the Marquis shows a lively grace and a considerable sense of humor. Robert G. Pitkin as a naval lieutenant has an engaging personality and Zoe Barnett plays the impulsive Russian with true Cossackian fire. A mite of a girl, Sylvia Jason, is cunningly cute as a midshipman and dancer, while the low comedy rôles are supplied by William Danforth as an American millionaire and by Will West as a cubist composer and Maude Odell as his dominating

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:
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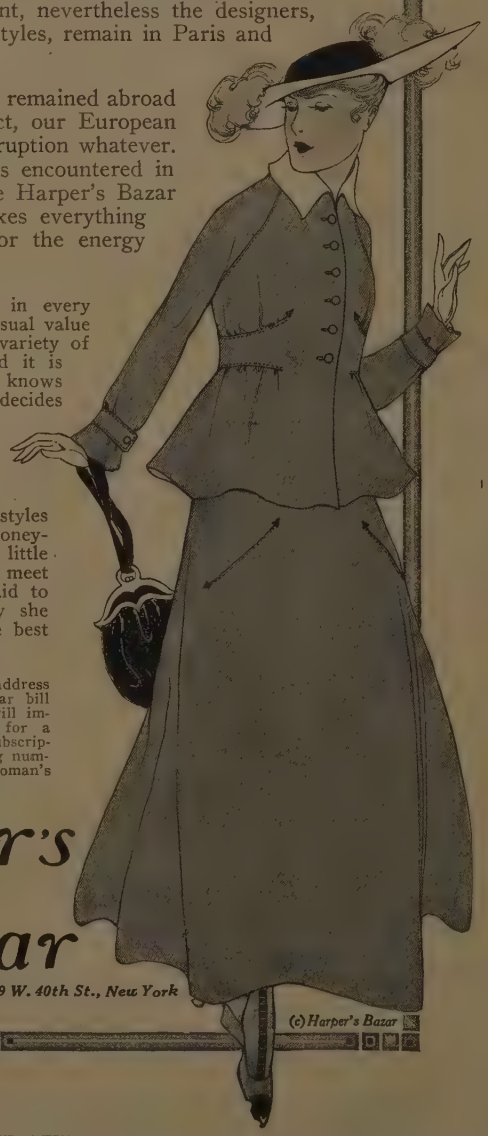

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spouse. West was at his very best which means he was artistically and hilariously funny and Miss Odell made him a capital foil. Of course, there was a chorus gorgeously dressed and made up of pretty young women. Herbert's score is typically individual, which means that the orchestration is brilliant and the melodies characteristically romantic and redolent with charm.

DALY'S. "YOSEMITE." Play in four acts by Charles A. Taylor. Produced on November 23rd with this cast:

Yosemite, Frank Keenan; Glen Randall, Calvin Thomas; Father Michael, Mac Barnes; Romelo, Mario Majeroni; Pantano, Roberto Deshon; Barney Flynn, Joseph Crehan; Cisco, John Mitchell; Sergeant, Thomas Meagan; Corporal, Robt. Davis; Mercedes, Grace Valentine; Peora Poncha, Lillian Kingsbury; Wawona, Ethel Clifton; Lone Star, Blanche Burns.

The occupancy of Daly's Theatre, a playhouse with a history and as to its interior unique, comfortable and impressive, after long disuse, was interesting. Mr. Charles A. Taylor brought to the house a play of his own entitled, "Yosemite," with Mr. Frank Keenan and Miss Grace Valentine balancing in it the see-saw of interest. "Yosemite" was soon withdrawn, but Mr. Frank Keenan has entrenched himself at the theatre in view of making other productions, and we contribute our good wishes for the success of this actor of extraordinary merit.

LONGACRE. "SO MUCH FOR SO MUCH." Play in three acts by Willard Mack Produced on December 2nd with this cast:

Mrs. Brennan, Julia Woolcot; Bessie Brennan, Ruth Perry; Charlie Brennan, Chas. Compton; Mary Brennan, Marjorie Rambeau; Tom Hughes, Willard Mack; Steve Crissman, Jack Jevne; William Steadman, William Ingersol; Powell, William Norton; Schultze, Edmund Walton.

The plot of this piece is transparent and is not novel or exciting. There is a typewriting girl, a would-like-to-be bad employer, and a good but impecunious reporter who loves the girl. The great scene is an attempted kissing scene and the dénouement is the inburst of the lover—saved girl, happy reporter, unrepentant bad man. These familiar incidents did not seem real, and if the writer of such plays as "Kick In" isn't real, he isn't anything.

LONGACRE. "WHAT IT MEANS TO A WOMAN." Play in four acts by E. H. Gould and F. Whitehouse. Produced on November 21st with this cast:

Warren Grieves, Frank Mills; Julia Grieves, Rita Jolivet; Dr. Haskell, Joseph Kilgour; Miss Marion Gardner, Laura Nelson Hall; Mrs. Harry Mead, Catharine Calhoun; Mrs. Joseph Stanton, Jean Newcombe; Miss Dalgren, Alice John; Helen, Mary Miles Minter.

The short life of "What it Means to a Woman" was deserved, for if whatever it was meant anything to this particular woman, it meant nothing to the audience. The play was lacking in plot and in many technical ways, and it was a failure. Few authors have reached eminence without making just such failures.

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Prominent in the Columbia Graphophone Company's current catalog of new offerings is a remarkable specimen of coloratura recording by Bernice de Pasquali, namely Eckert's "Swiss Echo Song."

In the line of opera, the distinguished American baritone, Charles W. Clark, contributes the most popular excerpts from the entire range of Wagnerian music, the "Evening Star" song from Tannhauser, with which is coupled the impassioned and widely sung "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's Herodiade.

A new record of the famous "Aloha Oe" or Farewell Song of the Hawaiian Islands is recorded in extraordinary effective style by a troupe of native Hawaiian singers. Of a similar class in its way is a mixed quartette record of the Carrie-Jacobs-Bond song that has recently become so universally popular, "A Perfect Day."

Al Jolson, the genial and versatile comedian of the New York Winter Garden, sings his two latest hits. Mr. Jolson, it is announced, now sings exclusively for the Columbia.

A feature of the list is a promptly issued record of the prize song of the Panama-Pacific Exposition song contest conducted by the San Francisco Bulletin. The winning song is aptly named "1915 San Francisco" and is recorded by Campbell and Burr.

The excessive demand for more records of the British war song "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" has resulted in its reappearance twice on the new list in different styles.

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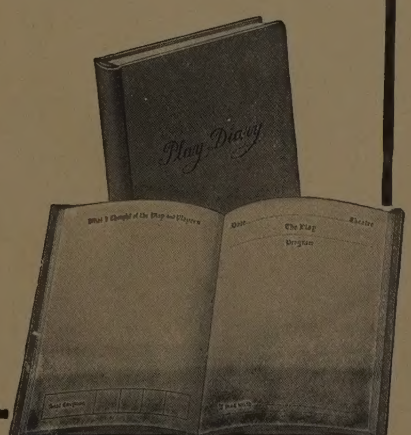

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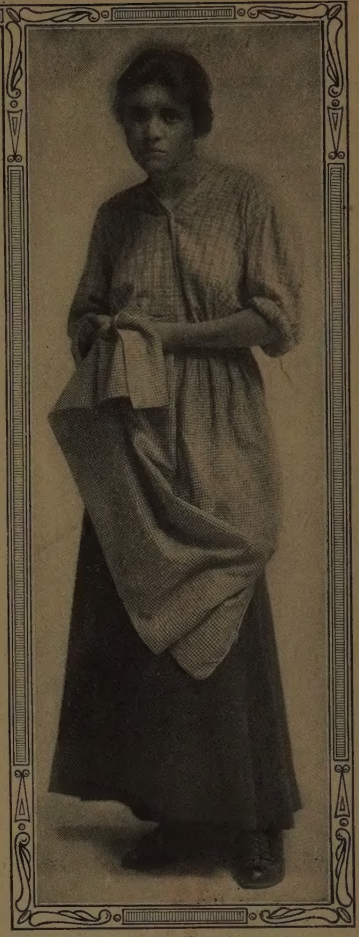
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

8-14 West 38th Street - - - - New York

"Judy" On and Off the Stage

Ruth Chatterton in real life



Ruth Chatterton as "Judy," the Orphan Asylum drudge

TO look at and listen to Ruth Chatterton is to recall the title of a quaint English play. I think Henry V. Esmond was its author. I know that that sterling actor, William Henry Thompson, spoke the line which gave the play its attractive title. The veteran actor, his eyes dwelling on the flower-like charms of the young heroine of the comedy, exclaimed with unction: "Sweet and twenty." "Sweet and twenty," he repeated. It lived lingeringly in my memory. The quaint English play had its day, not a long one, as I recall it, but the descriptives found one whom they fitted precisely as a glove, in the girl star who plays Judy, the forelorn waif in "Daddy Long-Legs."

She is a soft little person, whose facial muscles look as though they were of feather lightness. The deeply blue eyes that look out from the velvet-like mask, with its rounded, girlish features, are like overgrown forget-me-nots. Set round with shadowy lashes, they, too, add to the impression of softness. Her brown hair has that desirable quality of "fluffiness" that softens her features and expresses all of a woman's life. The straight, girlish figure, too, has the suppleness and obedience to her will, that triumph of tenuousness, a chiffon frock.

And yet, as we faced each other across the tea table in a sunny corner room at her hotel, I recalled what I heard a man say reproachfully to a woman to whom he had tried to make forbidden love:

"You look so soft and you are so hard."

The woman in that case is not hard. Nor is Miss Chatterton hard. But firmness is a quality inherent in, and cultivated by both.

"Is Henry Miller as severe a director as some actors with bruised feelings and painful memories would lead us to believe?"

"I have never found him so," replied the actress calmly. "Mr. Miller is a great stage director, a genius, I think. When he finds that members of his company have brains and use them he respects their intelligence and lets them alone. Persons with small minds resent him, and he knows it and focusses his instruction upon them. If he is sarcastic, it is because they or their limited calibre invite sarcasm from anyone. I consider it a very great privilege to have had Mr. Miller for director. His method is so true, so sure. He is so sincere, so natural. I have learned more by acting with him and watching his methods than by his direction. In 'The Rainbow' I had all my scenes with him, so the chance to watch him was unlimited."

"Have you not had some severe lessons in acting from him?"

"Yes, I remember one that lasted for a week. We have usually discussed a point or theory, and he has told what he thought and I what I thought. In the end he generally said, 'You are right,' and I said, 'No, you are right,' and we have been most polite and each converted to the other's idea. But this time he remarked, 'It is wrong to tell anyone that she does a thing particularly well. After that she doesn't do it so well.' I knew what he meant. The bits of business I had in 'The Rainbow' I had introduced myself. I found myself after a speech of his shaking my head. He had said that was effective, and now I knew, although he wasn't looking at me, what he meant. I declined after that to shake my head. He insisted; I persisted. I said: 'But if I don't do it well it were better not done. If it were something you had told me to do I would do it. But I put that in myself, and it is mine.' We kept at it for a week. He won."

"Mr. Miller was your discoverer?"

"No, it was his son, Gilbert. The younger Mr. Miller knew of me and spoke to his father about me. Mr. Miller, the elder, called me up and engaged me for the part in 'The Rainbow.' 'But don't you want me to come over to see you?' I asked. 'No, he answered. Your voice is so satisfactory, and that is what matters most.' As a matter of fact, Mr. Miller scarcely noticed me at rehearsals. He noticed I had a cold hand, which he dislikes, that was all. But at the last rehearsals he began to notice my work and seemed satisfied with it."

"And 'Daddy Long-Legs?'"

"I had read the book and thought about the character for a year and a half. Judy fascinated me. When the time came to play it I had only had eight rehearsals. My actual study and work, you see, had been done in my reading the book and becoming saturated, as it were, with the character."

The day after "Daddy Long-Legs" was produced in Chicago the name of this girl, who is sweet and twenty, went up in electric lights, a signal that a new star had flashed above the theatrical horizon.

"You were overjoyed, of course?" I spoke out of memory of the confided ecstacy of many a new risen star.

The blue eyes looked gravely at me. "No, I thought I was too young for such an honor, and I was frightened at the responsibility thrust upon me. I have felt weighed down by it, especially since coming to New York and seeing the names of actresses who have worked for years just appearing in lithographs, or that haven't appeared there.

"I am working to deserve what I have. I am working out this advance payment of success," she went on, the golden liquid in her teacup cooling in neglect. "I am studying, studying, studying. I am working with my voice to enlarge and strengthen it, and I am importuning Mr. Miller to help me to study something worth while and present it."

"Juliet?" I asked.

"No. I don't think Juliet was a natural character. To have all the thoughts and experiences she had at thirteen she must have been out of the normal. I should like to play Viola. She was merry and brave and light-hearted, a very normal girl. Let me ask your opinion. Do you think one must have a very great sense of humor to play comedy?"

"I think she must have a very fine intelligence."

"I love comedy. I should like to play it." A. P.

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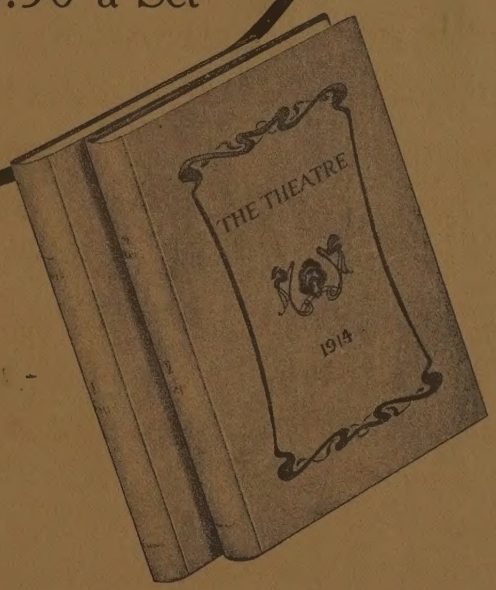

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